

CATHOLICS IN LITERATURE

I. HILAIRE BELLOC.

A FEW days ago I recited to a distinguished poet a list of those whom I consider the twelve best English poets of our day, and then, knowing that those names and their order would surprise him (he is of the ultra-modern school), I added hastily that, though I had assigned precedence, I would admit that a good case could be made out for any one of my dozen poets being considered as the leading poet of the day. "Yes," he replied; "a good case could be made out for any one of them except Belloc." I asked: "Why not Belloc?" and he answered: "Because he has written such a little verse."

This did not seem to me then, nor does it seem to me now, after further thought, a sound reason for rejecting him. Ralph Hodgson has written less verse than Hilaire Belloc, and my ultra-modernist friend did not object to Hodgson on that account. Gray wrote rather less verse than Hodgson, but his fame has endured and will endure. The question is not one of quantity but of quality; that is the only test, and by it Hilaire Belloc must be judged. In so far as the judgment falls to me, I do not hesitate to say that "The South Country" deserves more praise than the "Elegy," and that the curse upon the "remote and ineffectual Don that dared attack my Chesterton" is more effective than "The Curse upon Edward"—in short, that Belloc is at his best a finer poet than Gray. . . . Howl to it, O ye critics, howl!

Moreover, to dispute Belloc's claim on the ground that his verse has been written casually, in the intervals of a busy journalistic life, would logically necessitate disputing Villon's claim on the ground that his ballads were composed at such rare intervals as when a few odd moments could be snatched from the main business of housebreaking! Even if Mr. Belloc's sonnets were composed (as Mr. Thomas Secombe once suggested) while he was waiting for someone to finish a drink, it would not matter in the slightest degree so long as they were good sonnets.

Hilaire Belloc's verse is, I admit, very unequal in merit; but so is his prose. There is not more inequality in merit

between "Courtesy" and "The Ring" than there is between *Emmanuel Burden* and some of the *Land and Water* articles.

The main point to note is that his verse has a quality peculiarly its own, combining a strict French technical tradition with a dreamy wistfulness that suggests the Celtic spirit; tenderness with an abrupt military manner. Its ease is the result of energy. About it all there is an unmistakable and magnificent sense of style. This can be found in any poem; I take, almost at haphazard, the sonnet "Sedan" as an example:

I, from a window where the Meuse is wide,
Looked Eastward out to the September night.
The men that in the hopeless battle died
Rose and reformed and marshalled for the fight.
A brumal army vague and ordered large
For mile on mile by one pale General,
I saw them lean by companies to the charge;
But no man living heard the bugle call.

And fading still, and pointing to their scars,
They rose in lessening cloud where, grey and high,
Dawn lay along the heaven in misty bars.
But, gazing from the Eastern casement, I
Saw the Republic splendid in the sky,
And round her terrible head the morning stars.

Again, to quote lines which, like this sonnet, have never been collected in a volume of poems:

Look up and tell the immeasurable height
Between the vault of the world and your dear head:
That's Death, my little sister, and the Night. . . .

We may regret that Mr. Belloc rarely writes poetry; we must be thankful for the poetry that he has written.

In his work there is a roystering, swashbuckling note, which is the principal source of the enjoyment a great many people find in it. His verse, like his prose, goes by with the rush and riot of high spirits; for whole pages he will be outrageously extravagant, and sing a song that grows wilder and wilder until it crashes into a concluding *crescendo* of dog-Latin, or into a drinking song such as:

With my here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us:
The Tipple's abroad and the night is young,
The door's ajar and the barrel is sprung,
I am singing the best song ever was sung
And it has a rousing chorus.

But usually his work contains a large amount of reserve vigour, and is strictly restrained by a masterly hand; exhibiting what is the most characteristic mark of this admirable writer, a sombre splendour.

It would be as well to observe, however, before we proceed further, that all the extravagances, all the roaring bar-parlour choruses are firmly rooted in a philosophy. The "Sonnet upon God the Wine-Giver" is not nearly so fine as the collected drinking songs, but it explains soberly the hilarious joy of more convivial moments:

Though Man made wine, I think God made it too;
 God making all things, made Man make good wine.
 He taught him how the little tendrils twine
 About the stakes of labour close and true.
 Then next, with infinite prophetic laughter
 He taught the Man in His own image blest,
 To pluck and waggon and to—all the rest.
 To tread the grape and work his vintage after.
 So did God make us, making good Wine's makers;
 So did He order us to rule the field.
 And now by God are we not also bakers
 But Vintners also, Sacraments to yield.
 Yet most of all strong lovers. Praised be God!
 Who taught us how the wine-press should be trod.

Furthermore, it would be well to observe the violence of some of the work of Mr. Belloc, a violence no longer genial, but fierce. Loudly and with passion does he appeal to honour, to the sword, and to God. He is shaken with anger, forgetting in it even his habitual irony. For after declaring that,

Many a man shall ride with me
 Who never had thought on earth to see
 High Justice in her armoury—

he goes on to particularize the dreadful vengeance he will take upon the foes of the good republic:

Only, before I eat and drink,
 When I have killed them all, I think
 That I will batter their carven names,
 And slit the pictures in their frames,
 And burn for scent their cedar door,
 And melt the gold their women wore,
 And hack their horses at the knees,
 And hew to death their timber trees,
 And plough their gardens deep and through—
 And all these things I mean to do
 For fear perhaps my little son
 Should break his hands, as I have done.

Fortunately, the vengeance that Mr. Belloc took was more deadly, if less dreadful, than that which he threatened: he made his enemies look ridiculous. The "Lines to a Lord," upon the Boer War, form a classic piece of political satire—

The little mound where Eckstein stood
And gallant Albu fell,

are uproariously and overwhelmingly funny. But they are not merely funny; they succeed in touching the secret sore of the South African adventure. The satire here, though perfect, is localized satire. In "To Dives," satire becomes universal. Mr. Belloc never wrote anything better in this vein, and no one understands how to write in it better than Mr. Belloc. The poem shall be given in full:

Dives, when you and I go down to Hell,
Where scribblers end and millionaires as well.
We shall be carrying on 'our separate backs
Two very large but very different packs;
And as you stagger under yours, my friend,
Down the dull shore where all our journeys end,
And go before me (as your rank demands)
Towards the infinite flat underlands,
And that dear river of forgetfulness—
Charon, a man of exquisite address
(For, as your wife's progenitors could tell,
They're very strict on etiquette in Hell),
Will, since you are a lord, observe, "My Lord,
We cannot take these weighty things aboard!"
Then down they go, my wretched Dives, down—
The fifteen sorts of boots you kept for town,
The hat to meet the Devil in; the plain
But costly ties; the cases of champagne;
The solid watch, and seal, and chain, and charm;
The working model of a Burning Farm
(To give the little Belials); all the three
Biscuits for Cerberus; the guarantee
From Lambeth that the Rich can never burn,
And even promising a safe return;
The admirable overcoat, designed
To cross Cocytus—very warmly lined:
Sweet Dives, you will leave them all behind
And enter Hell as tattered and as bare
As was your father when he took the air
Behind a barrow-load in Leicester Square.
Then turned to me, and noting one that brings
With careless step a mist of shadowy things:
Laughter and memories, and a few regrets,
Some honour, and a quantity of debts,
A doubt or two of sorts, a trust in God,
And (what will seem to you extremely odd)

His father's granfer's father's father's name,
 Unspoilt, untitled, even spelt the same;
 Charon, who twenty thousand times before
 Has ferried poets to the ulterior shore,
 Will estimate the weight I bear, and cry—
 "Comrade!" (He has himself been known to try
 His hand at Latin and Italian verse,
 Much in the style of Virgil—only worse)
 "We let such vain imaginaries pass!"
 Then tell me, Dives, which will look the ass—
 You? or myself? Or Charon? Who can tell?
 They order things so damnably in Hell.

The most insistent personal quality in Hilaire Belloc's poetry, nevertheless, is not gaiety or violence or satire, but sadness, a noble though an enormous sadness for irrevocable destitution. This note obtrudes itself even into the ruthless revenge of "The Rebel," where the poet reveals his motive:

For fear perhaps my little son
 Should break his hands, as I have done.

Here it is the cry of a thing lost, of an ancient undiscoverable innocence, which is shut within the iron gates of Eden. Always it derives from an inconsolable homesickness, and may be traced as a strand running through and holding together the various glittering beads of verse. It is to be found just as certainly in Belloc's prose; but we are not now concerned with that. What we are concerned with is the fact that (despite all appearances to the contrary, despite bluster and big-behaviour) the knowledge of loss compels this poet to be extraordinarily humble. He must wear armour of some sort, but underneath lies a naked and lonely heart. Occasionally he will assume an attitude of whimsical mockery to conceal his great loss by crying over some loss that is a small matter, as in his dirge, "The Moon is dead. I saw her die." But whatever attempt he may make to pass it off, that strange spiritual sorrow is persistent. In poem after poem it comes out either implicitly or (more commonly) explicitly.

I open his book for corroboration. It is not long in being forthcoming, for in the lyric that follows "Dives" the poet feels himself as an exile whose boat will never make the haven—it is not of this world. In "The Fanatic" it is an immemorial promise kept that reminds the poet of the breaking of "That great Word which every man gave God before his life began." In "The Night," the poet seeks refuge in

dreams and false delight from the clear reminiscent dawn. In the lines to Balliol men as in the "Dedicatory Ode"; in the poem on the fear that has fallen upon the prophet lost among the hills; and in the verses for a child on a man's lost Fairyland, there is a ceaseless lamentation. Even one of the drinking songs is entitled (and is) a "Drinking Dirge."

Of the greatest of Mr. Belloc's poems this remains true. The theme of the lyric in "The Four Men" is the consciousness of the coming time, "When fire and friend and home are lost," that gives poignancy to the poet's wish to live in the love he had for Sussex. With this mental anchor he fastens himself to the world while acknowledging his mortality. And in a similar mood of sweet sorrow does "The South Country" draw to an end.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

"By them and the God of the South Country." Hilaire Belloc is a Catholic and knows the divine purpose in loss. He lifts up his eyes not only to the Sussex Downs from whence comes his help but to celestial summits. And when it comes, the grace of God is seen to be wearing the tender and lovely form of Heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was our Lady's Son,
Go bless you, People, one by one;
My rhyme is written, my work is done.

II. THE POETRY OF ALICE MEYNELL.

The first and last difficulty in considering Alice Meynell's poetry arises from the fact that she is an essayist. The difficulty is quite peculiar, for though other essayists have been poets and other poets essayists, it is possible to separate their functions. It is impossible to separate the functions in this case. Some people are hardly prepared to admit Mr. Chesterton's claim to be a poet because they cannot get the horrid word "journalist" out of their minds. Others give less attention to Francis Thompson's prose than it deserves, because they cannot forget the magic word "poet." Mrs. Meynell is a poet and essayist in equal parts—not merely in the sense that her prose and her verse equally have divided her literary activities—but in the much more complex sense that all her essays are touched with the spirit of poetry, and all her poetry touched with the spirit of essays.

This difficulty has many ramifications; one is that Mrs. Meynell as a poet is over-elaborate. Hardly for an instant can she escape into unconscious rapture. Her gestures are deliberate, not spontaneous. She never seems at ease with herself. Her readers never find her easy.

O Spring, I know thee! Seek for sweet surprise
In the young children's eyes!

she cries. Happier poets see the spring through children's eyes, knowing nothing of the eyes through which they look, knowing only the delightful surprise of the spring at which they look. But with Alice Meynell,

Not a flower or song I ponder is
My own, but memory's.
I shall be silent in those days desired
Before a world inspired.
O all brown birds, compose your old song-phrases
Earth thy familiar daisies!

Another ramification of the original difficulty is the critics' hesitation as to how to place this poet. About her place in literature there is no question. It is unassailable. But her poetry raises an arresting doubt. Upon the whole, her verse is as highly thought of as her prose; both are held to be classical. But

Will this admired simplicity,
Tender, with a serious wit

retain the admiration which at present it is universally considered to merit? The question is foolish and futile. The business of the critic is to discover and appraise an artist's intrinsic value. In that problematical business I must engage.

The obvious remark, the one usually made, about Mrs. Meynell, is that she is a mystic.

Thou art like silence unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery
Between one footfall and the next.

It is not my purpose, however, to discuss here the nature of her mysticism—though that would be a point of absorbing interest—but the expression of, the *form* of her mysticism. We may notice about it first an entire absence of anything even remotely approaching rhetoric. Mrs. Meynell is cool, calm and collected. Though her thought may be abstruse her utterance is as definite and distinct as it can be made. Her thought is profound, and because it is profound, is often obscure; but she strives, to agony, to make it pellucid.

We should notice next this mystic's strict rationality. The mystagogue talks about impalpability and indefinability; the mystic uses words as a builder uses stones, making them bear only such meanings as those for which they were intended. They will be austere, fitting, exact. So we find in Alice Meynell's poetry that her theology has a scholastic accuracy. As an example of this take her *A General Communion*:

I saw the throng, so deeply separate,
Fed at one only board—
The devout people, moved, intent, elate,
And the devoted Lord.

Ah, struck apart! not side from human side,
But soul from human soul,
As each asunder absorbed the multiplied,
The ever unparted whole.

I saw this people as a field of flowers,
Each grown at such a price
The sum of unimaginable powers
Did no more than suffice.

A thousand single central daisies they,
A thousand of the one;
For each, the entire monopoly of day;
For each, the whole of the devoted sun.

Not only in this case, but in every case, emotion is guarded and guided by the intellect. Indeed, it is her tyrannic intellectualism which has prevented the world from realizing the fiery passion that glows in her work, kept severely under control. Among most poets the sonnet is the medium of their intellectual imagination: with Alice Meynell the sonnet is the principal channel by which her emotional imagination may escape. And in this connection it is curious to note that with age the sonnet has been discarded. Of the thirty-five *Early Poems*, thirteen were sonnets. There is not a single sonnet in the *Later Poems* or in *A Father of Women*.

Once, only once, has Mrs. Meynell broken her self-imposed law of making her art serve an exacting, tireless intellectuality. It was when she wrote "The Shepherdess." For one awful instant Mrs. Meynell unbent.

If I may ventilate a shocking opinion—and there is nobody likely to prevent my doing so—I will say that I am sick to death of "The Shepherdess." It is a lyric that, no doubt, would have made the reputation of less gifted poets, for it has a certain melody and a charm of the sophisticated order—but it is not Mrs. Meynell. Search her volumes from end to end, and you will not find another like it—this pretty painted knick-knack that every collector snaps up for his anthology. Why shouldn't he indeed? "The Shepherdess" is a China Shepherdess.

Far preferable is Alice Meynell's authentic manner. However stiff it may be it never lacks dignity. At *her worst* she has distinction, and that cannot be said of any other great poet. Keats, and Shelley, and Blake, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson—even Shakespeare—wrote reams of flat verse. She has written a few lines, not of the deplorable doggerel that Keats, Shelley and Company freely perpetrated, but a few lines a little below her own exalted level. One forgives Wordsworth his bad work; the bad work of Browning goes by with such a rush of vigour or unintelligibility that the reader must gasp, not condemn; the few bad lines of Mrs. Meynell leave the reader aghast. He expects flawless perfection from her. Others are allowed more license. A duke (as some profound social philosopher has pointed out) may eat buns from a paper bag in the street without being considered to have committed a solecism. But the duke's private secretary must not eat buns in the street; and I am dubious as to whether the duchess could do it. Perhaps the inhibition

lies upon Mrs. Meynell because she corresponds to the duchess. I think the surprise we feel at her occasional failures to be faultless is more probably due to the fact that she has accustomed us to an artistic excellence that no mortal, not even Mrs. Meynell, can consistently maintain. To cite two instances of her rare lapses from perfection, I take a phrase from the sonnet, "Spring on the Alban Hills," which seems to my ear to be packed with subtle cacophony—"just flush with a dust of flowers." Again, I quote a stanza from an otherwise fine poem in *A Father of Women*, in which a footnote explains that George Meredith is referred to under the title of "The Master":

There lie my trespasses,
Abjured but not disowned. I'll not accuse
Determinism, nor, as the Master says,
Charge even "the poor Deuce."

If we take up and examine the poetry of Mrs. Meynell in detail, we shall see how the parts corroborate the impression left upon us by the whole. As George Meredith said of her essays—"they leave a sense of stilled singing in the mind they fill"—so we may say of her poems, as indeed I have already said, that they have the essayistic note. I refer again to the matter in order to show how her verse and prose are mingled. Compare the poem I am about to quote with the passage I will quote from the study of Charlotte and Emily Bronte, taken from *Hearts of Controversy*:

The poets' imageries are noble ways,
Approaches to a plot, an open shrine.
Their splendours, colours, avenues, arrays,
Their courts that run with wine;

Beautiful similes, "fair and flagrant things,"
Enriched, enamouring,—raptures, metaphors,
Enhancing life, are paths for pilgrim kings
Made free of golden doors.

And yet the open heavenward plot, with dew
Ultimate poetry, enclosed, enskyed
(Albeit such ceremonies lead thereto)
Stands on the yonder side.

Plain, behind oracles, it is; and past
All symbols, simple; perfect, heavenly-wild,
The song some loaded poets reach at last—
The kings that found a Child.

Now, then, observe how this idea flowered in an essay, written some years before the poem. Is it less complete here than in its other form? Is it less beautiful?

You may hear the poet of great imagery praised as a great mystic. Nevertheless, although a great mystical poet makes images, he does not do in his greatest moments. He is a great mystic, because he has a full vision of the mystery of realities, not because he has a clear invention of similitudes. . . . A great writer is both a major and a minor mystic, in the self-same poem; now suddenly close to his mystery (which is his greatest moment) and anon making it mysterious with imagery (which is the moment of his most beautiful lines).

The student passes delighted through the several courts of poetry, from the outer to the inner, from riches to more imaginative riches, and from decoration to more complex decoration; and prepares himself for the greater opulence of the innermost chamber. But when he crosses the last threshold he finds this midmost sanctuary to be a hypæthral temple, and in its custody and care a simple earth and a space of sky.

We cannot justly declare that an idea so adequately expressed in prose should not have been put in verse—though that is one of the safest tests of poetry—because Mrs. Meynell's prose continually achieves the impossible; but we may justly declare that Mrs. Meynell could have written many of her poems as essays and yet have retained every touch of their beauty. This does not at all mean that she should have done so. The admirer of her genius is grateful for its ambidexterity.

This is most apparent in her latest volume, *The Father of Women*. Three of its finest poems might have been perfectly uttered in prose—not in the prose of any other writer, but they might have been written in "the stilled singing" of Mrs. Meynell's prose, which moves in a recurrent intellectual rhythm peculiar to herself. She writes of the two Shakespeare Tercentenaries, of Birth, 1864; of Death, 1916, reminding herself that her span of life has considerably exceeded that of the Lord of Song, so that had she been alive in the sixteenth century she could have "seen that cradle, marked those labours, closed that Earth. . . . Talked little language to thee, pored on thy last silence." Again, rather more obviously, her poem on Tintoretto's daring use of light in painting, is an essay theme. And less obviously the lines "Length of Days: to the early dead in battle,"—which show that the young soldier who is slain has had long life in his treasury before he fell, gaining as a child all that Time's mystery can do—could have been turned, with their matter intact, into one of those essays of which Mrs. Meynell alone has the secret.

She is not less aloof in her poetry, whose course has been solitary, difficult and direct. In her work we have an exquisitely delicate, exquisitely balanced sensibility not to be paralleled in our literature. She goes her own way, distinct and distinguished, the dear despair of her contemporaries.

But if she is extremely sensitive in her art, she is also extremely limited. Her own law forbids her to roam beyond her chosen ground. There she reigns supreme, aware of bonds, admitting them in her sonnet, "A Poet of one Mood":

A poet of one mood in all my lays,
Ranging all life to sing one only love,
Like a west wind across the world I move,
Sweeping my harp of floods mine own wild ways.

The countries change, but not the west wind days
Which are my songs. My soft skies shine above,
And on all seas the colours of a dove,
And on all fields a flash of silver greys.

I make the whole world answer to my art
And sweet monotonous meanings. In your ears
I change for ever, bearing, for my part,
One thought that is the treasure of my years,
A small cloud full of rain upon my heart
And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in tears.

The perpetual discipline, the remorseless criticism with which she guides her imagination have had a noble result. But the gay early morning carelessness of other poets is a thing she has had to forswear—of necessity. Never once, as a consequence, has Alice Meynell been able to achieve that sublime moment of melting, that utter fusion with passionate beauty which some great poets—not all—have known as their chief blessedness. Each has his gift from God; abandonment is not Alice Meynell's. Even that rare—though less rare—catch in the breath escapes her, though she approaches near it in the sonnet just cited, and from time to time in other poems. Her simplicity is too studied—too much of an "admired simplicity," to use her own phrase—to be completely successful or happy.

But allowing so much, there is a chaste and tender loveliness in her work. In its own sphere it is secure. It does not answer to march-music, but to the west wind; not to southern colour, but the mild magnificent English weather.

And on all seas the colours of a dove,
And on all fields a flash of silver greys.

The hushed humility of Mrs. Meynell's constant mood is better seen in the lyric, "To any Poet," among the last of her early poems, than in the introduction of "In Early Spring." In the first (indeed, in subsequent poems also), the poet turns backward to the lost love of childhood, and to the surprise that has faded. In the second poem, the fulfilment of the first, she bids the poet wait in silence and solitude until he shall regain his ancient Eden.

Thou shalt intimately lie
In the roots of flowers that thrust
Upwards from thee to the sky,
With no more distrust,
Than they blossom from thy dust.

Silent labours of the rain
Shall be near thee reconciled;
Little lives of leaves and grain,
All things shy and wild,
Tell thee secrets, quiet child.

Earth, set free from thy fair fancies
And the art thou shalt resign,
Will bring forth her rue and pansies
Unto more divine
Thoughts than any thoughts of thine.

Nought will fear thee, humbled creature.
There will lie thy mortal burden
Pressed unto the heart of Nature,
Songless in a garden,
With a long embrace of pardon.

Then the truth all creatures tell,
And His will Whom thou entreatest,
Shall absorb thee; there shall dwell
Silence, the completest
Of thy poems, last, and sweetest.

I have chosen these verses in preference to the most daring and probably the greatest of Alice Meynell's poems, "Christ in the Universe," because they reveal more suggestively than does that or any other of her explicitly religious poems the chief quality of her singing. Here is explained the reticence and the sensitiveness of her art, here the consummation of her mortal desire.

And His will Whom thou entreatest
Shall absorb thee; there shall dwell
Silence, the completest
Of thy poems, last and sweetest.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

ASPECTS OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY

MANY books and articles have appeared since the verification of Einstein's astronomical prediction. Some of these are technical in character, and consequently only intelligible to a limited circle; others attempt to present the new ideas and principles in a form which can be assimilated by a larger class of interested inquirers. Amongst the latter are to be noticed two important works,¹ one a translation of Einstein's presentation of his theory, the other a longer and more ambitious outline by the Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. Usually, important advances in science take time to reach the general reader; more accurately, he is informed of the consequences but is given little insight into the speculative work which led to these results. Hence the publication of these two authoritative books is a sign of a change which is most welcome.

With the aid of these expositions it becomes possible, even at this early stage, to stand back and view, in its proper perspective, what has been accomplished by the relativist. The essential positions become clear and we are able to distinguish them from a mass of detail which at first was a source of confusion and vagueness. Further, the actual reasoning used in constructing the theory is removed and replaced by a simpler process, leading more quickly and easily to the desired goal. Again, once it has been shown that the mathematical consequences of the theory are confirmed by observation, we can omit any account of the actual calculations and take them for granted. However, it is interesting to notice in passing that the pure mathematician has rendered invaluable service to the relativist. One cannot help quoting in this connection the striking words of Balfour:

'If they (the mathematicians) seem sometimes lost to ordinary view in the realms of abstract infinities, they do not disdain to

¹ *Relativity*. By A. Einstein. Translated by R. W. Lawson, D.Sc. London: Methuen and Co., Ltd. 5s. net. *Space, Time and Gravitation*. By A. S. Eddington, F.R.S. Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.

serve us in the humbler fields of practice. They have helped mankind to all the greatest generalizations about the physical universe: and without them we should still be fumbling over simple problems of practical mechanics, entangled in a costly and ineffectual empiricism.

But while we thank the mathematician for his aid in conquering Nature, we envy him his powers of understanding her. Though he deals, it would seem, entirely with abstractions, they are abstractions which, at his persuasion, supply the key to the profoundest secrets of the physical universe. He holds the clue to mazes where the clearest intellect, unaided, would wander hopelessly astray. He belongs to a privileged caste.

Nevertheless, this statement requires qualification. It is not so much the mathematician, but rather the mathematical physicist who achieves these results. The former is quite content to leave his abstractions buried in some periodical, and it is the duty and office of the latter to bring them to life again, and apply them to the problems suggested by Nature for solution. The strange thing is that these useful forms of calculus should have been conceived by one who, when reflecting on his own work, asserts *ore rotundo* that the question as to whether his results are or are not applicable to the physical universe is an irrelevant one; that it did not and does not concern him, and that he leaves it to others to effect these applications. As a matter of fact, there are some mathematicians—and amongst them Professor Eddington—who are inclined to the view that the unity so far introduced by mathematics into our physical equations is only apparent and not real; valid for thought, but not valid for Nature. This view will be discussed later: meanwhile, before giving an account of the relativity theory as exposed in the books under review, it will help to clearness if two distinctions are put clearly before the mind. In the first place, we must distinguish between (1) the *standpoint* and (2) the *principle* of relativity. According to (1), it is asserted that the classical methods of arriving at physical laws are defective, because these methods are based on assumptions which are of doubtful validity and are not supported by convincing evidence. If (1) is true, the relativist is forced to drop these questionable presuppositions and replace them by others which are more in harmony with the facts of observation. These postulates are included in the term (2), the principle of relativity, and with their aid it was shown that the new

method of deducing the laws of Nature was more efficient than the old, in that it succeeded where the latter failed. There is, however, a difference between (1) and (2). The former seems to represent an irreversible step in advance, but all we can say of the principle is that it does furnish a method of attaining laws of Nature without at the same time being able to affirm that it is the *only* method. Future research may bring to light other systems of equal validity.

The second distinction is of great importance. The theory of relativity is essentially one belonging to the domain of physics. It is doubtless true that Einstein was led to formulate it by considerations which were partly of a philosophical character, but a closer inspection shows that these considerations do not really affect the theory. Yet relativity does suggest conclusions of philosophical import, and it would seem as if these cannot be avoided in expositions intended for those not conversant with the mathematical apparatus of theoretical physics. Hence a definite division must be made between the physical and philosophical implications. The former are legitimate; the latter may depend on a theory of knowledge which is by no means proved.

Bearing these distinctions in mind, we can now see precisely what the relativist has accomplished. The starting point of our investigation of Nature is experiment. This is the source of our natural knowledge, just as documents are the basis of history. In the latter science, the first step is to criticize and estimate the relative value of the documents and to decide, *e.g.*, which are worthless, or again, those that are to be treated with reserve. Now it is not a rare phenomenon to find that the accepted historical value of a document has been overestimated, and when this happens, the portion of history depending on that source must be revised. This parallel may help to an understanding of Einstein's criticism. He was convinced that the current estimate of the value of the data obtained by experiment was incorrect; that we have been attributing to the laboratory worker and his instruments capacities that neither he nor they actually possessed. This limitation of the value of experimental observation may be illustrated by a few concrete illustrations.

Let us suppose an observer to be measuring the length of a metal rod, that he makes his observations with all possible rigour and accuracy and applies all the usual corrections. Does his final result give the actual length of the rod or not?

Einstein answers in the negative; he holds there are further corrections to be applied, but they are such that the observer cannot find their value, simply because, *de facto*, Nature does not supply the relevant data. Or again, the astronomer is observing an event on the sun and then calculates that this event was simultaneous with a phenomenon occurring on the earth. The relativist will not admit that this calculation is valid. He asserts that these two events are only simultaneous for a particular observer, and that this simultaneity vanishes for another observer. And he pertinently states that we have no right to single out one observer as a leader, entitling his views to more weight than those of observers under different conditions.

Briefly, Einstein will not admit that the experimental physicist can tell us as much about objective lengths and times as had been supposed hitherto. He considers that these measures are always relative and never absolute; *i.e.*, they are determined by physical conditions which are beyond the control of the observer. In other words, the value of the data obtained by experiment are depreciated. They are considered as an unknown mixture of the thing observed and the conditions of observing, such that the parts due to each cannot be separated.

Here we have a limitation which evidently affects very seriously the source of all scientific knowledge. It is easy to realize that if the work of the relativist was confined entirely to a destructive criticism of existing methods, he would have received little or no attention. The critic must take these data—impoverished as they now are in his view—and construct a new theory with them. The task seems hopeless, and yet he has succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Slowly and gradually, he saw the new principles weave into a single and united scheme: mechanics, gravitation, electro-dynamics, and optics. This success is at once a justification of his criticism of the experimentalist and of the validity of the principles used in reconstruction.

Summing up these two aspects, the negative and the positive, the progress effected may be stated in this way. The laboratory worker must continue to work in co-operation with the mathematical physicist, but their respective functions have been defined more accurately. The data of the former are now subjected to a more refined analysis, and the work of the latter has become more arduous and complex.

We may say that there has been a readjustment of the scientific household with a view to greater efficiency. To some, it appears that the new rôle assigned to the mathematician is too prominent, and that the theory threatens to convert physics into a mere appendage of geometry. The relativist replies that he did not consciously set out to construct a geometrical theory of the universe: he was only seeking reality by approved physical methods, and this is what has happened. He also points out that as the geometry becomes more complex, the physics becomes simpler, and its different branches are connected into a coherent unity.

Relativity, therefore, is a theory essentially belonging to physics, having its origin in a revised critical appreciation of the value of observational data and ending by showing that even with the lowered values it is still possible to construct scientific theories superior to those they replaced.

Having emphasized the bearing and nature of relativity in its physical aspects, the way is cleared for a consideration of what it implies or seems to imply in philosophy. As a matter of fact, it can be stated that there is considerable divergence of opinion amongst those who have ventured to draw out these implications. Nevertheless, both Einstein and Eddington appear to hold that length is not an absolute character intrinsic in the external world, but is to be considered as a mere relation between the thing in Nature and the observer; it is a factor which enters into our way of knowing physical objects, but has nothing corresponding to it in those objects.

Now though it is true to say that as far as the mathematical theory of relativity is concerned, it does not matter whether length is found in Nature or not, we must be careful to see what exactly is meant by length. A distinction must be made between length (*quantitas continua*) as such and an accidental property of length, viz., its measurement. It is quite legitimate for the physicist to treat as non-existent any length which he cannot measure, but it does not follow *eo ipso* that this length does not exist. He is using a principle of negligibility which is of constant use in physical science, but he cannot use it when philosophizing. A concrete illustration will help to make this point clear. Some astronomers have become convinced that there are intelligent inhabitants living on Mars, but so far, we have not been able to communicate with them. It is obviously absurd to say they do not exist

because we cannot do this. In a similar way, it is illegitimate to deny the existence of length just because we have no physical means or instruments at our command for measuring length. All that the physicist can say is that his work neither affirms nor denies the actual existence of length—a very different thing from saying that length must be banished entirely from Nature and relegated to the subjective.

But there is another philosophical conclusion drawn by some exponents of relativity which is of fundamental significance, for it asserts that all the new results—so far as they have been developed—have not given laws that can be validly applied to the physical universe. Hopes are held out that they may later suggest valid laws, but the great unity so far obtained is held to be a fictitious one, due entirely to the operation of the mind on the observational data. This conclusion may be given in the words of Professor Eddington (p. 200):

The theory of relativity has passed in review the whole subject-matter of physics. It has unified the great laws, which by the precision of their formulation and the exactness of their application have won the proud place in human knowledge which physical science holds to-day. And yet, in regard to the nature of things, this knowledge is only an empty shell—a form of symbols. It is knowledge of structural form, and not knowledge of content. All through the physical world runs that unknown content, which must surely be the stuff of our consciousness. Here is a hint of aspects deep within the world of physics, and yet unattainable by the method of physics. And, moreover, we have found that where science has progressed the farthest, the mind has but regained from Nature that which the mind put into Nature.

We have found a strange foot-print on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound theories, one after another, to account for its origin. At last, we have succeeded in reconstructing the creature that made the foot-print. And, lo! it is our own.

This position is also stated more definitely by the same author in a paper contributed to the International Congress of Philosophy held recently at Oxford:

. . . these laws do not govern the course of events in the objective world, but are automatically imposed by the mind in selecting what it considers to be substance. They are identities contained in the definition of the geometrical character of the

pattern which the mind hunts out. If all the discoveries of physics related to laws of this kind, we should be forced to admit that physics has nothing to contribute to the great question of how the world outside us is governed. I am not as yet prepared to admit that. I think that we do, more especially in modern physics, encounter the genuine laws governing the external world, and are attempting—perhaps rather unsuccessfully—to grapple with them. But the great exact laws of gravitation, mechanics and electro-magnetism, by which physics has won its high reputation as an exact science, all appear to belong to the other category. . . .

The thesis is clear. Whenever we use our intelligence to investigate the universe, the mind inevitably introduces a distortion, proceeds to find the nature of this distortion, and projects this mind-made distortion into the outside world. If, for example, the external object be a sphere, then the sphere in being apprehended, appears before the mind with the impression of a triangle on its surface. The mind then proceeds to determine the properties of this triangle, and calmly asserts that this triangle with all its properties exists in the physical object.

Those who are acquainted with the history of philosophy will have no difficulty in realizing that this view of the working of the human intelligence is not new. Yet we do not wish to assert that Professor Eddington has been consciously influenced by any particular system of philosophical thought. Suffice it to say that there are other systems of philosophy which deny the correctness of this view of our mental operations. In fact, it is the very battlefield of epistemology, where every strategic position has been taken and retaken. It is certainly not a *chose jugée*.

But we venture to criticize the Professor's conclusion by keeping to the evidence supplied by the theory of relativity itself. Let us consider what this evidence implies in a concrete case. According to the relativist, the order of events in the external world is that of a "four-dimensional manifold." This latter term has a significance for the human mind, a meaning which—when it is apprehended—involves certain consequences capable of statement in precise terms by the mathematician. Since it is admitted that the external world is a four-dimensional manifold, it ought to follow logically that these mathematical properties can be predicated of the external universe. No, says Professor Eddington, they

do not apply, because these properties are only to be found in those particular four-dimensional entities which the mind considers, and in those only. Is this a correct statement of what the mind does? There are at least two possible hypotheses. (1) The mind can consider these entities *as such, i.e.*, prescinding from the properties which are peculiar to sub-classes, or (2) the intelligence only apprehends one particular sub-class and the properties which are peculiar to that class. Now if the modern progress in pure mathematics is real and not apparent, it proves that by a process of abstraction the mind can pass from the particular to the universal, combining sub-classes into a single general class. It is in this way that we have passed from Euclidean geometry to non-Euclidean, from non-Euclidean to Riemannian, and recently to a geometry of a still more abstract type. If this is true, is it not also possible to apprehend four-dimensional manifolds *as such*? And it follows that we have every right to project the properties of such a manifold into the external world, not because the mind put them there, but simply because these properties belong to *any* four-dimensional manifold. On the other hand, even if (2) be true, it is still possible for the mathematician to generalize and construct entities of a higher logical type until he reaches one which considers not the properties of *some* manifolds, but of *any*. To say, then, that the unity produced by the relativity theory is fictitious is a conclusion not justified by a critical examination of the actual steps and working of the theory.

Further, it seems clear that Professor Eddington is labouring under a misapprehension. Instinctively he feels that the recently-devised quantum theory is a step which brings us into closer contact with reality than the relativity theory. We agree, but the value of the one must not be raised at the expense of the other. The relativist supplies to physical theory what are known as the field equations; the quantum theory provides the constitutive equations, and these stand to one another in the relation of genus to species. The whole point of the relativist is that we must make certain of the validity of our fundamental equations—even though they only give the barest skeleton-outline of reality—before attempting to develop these equations in detail. Whether we are working in physical science or in philosophy, it is essential that we construct the ground-plan correctly before passing on to the specification of subsidiary parts. Admittedly, the lacunæ in

the relativist's description of Nature are many, but there is no need of despair. We are certain that his description—as far as it goes—is valid.

It seems fair to conclude then that we are not forced by the theory of relativity to admit that the unity it introduces is a fictitious one, due to the mind, and having no counterpart in Nature. The assertion that we have reached only a mental unity is not proved by the actual methods employed in relativity, nor is it proved by mere philosophical considerations. Rather the processes used in the theory go to show that at last a method has been devised by which we can arrive at the main outlines of the economy of Nature, but have still to fill in many gaps, and that this task will prove much more difficult of solution than any of the problems so far encountered in our pursuit of natural knowledge.

Whilst we are grateful, then, to these experts for their endeavours to present the speculative ideas of the new theory in a simple and intelligible form, it is of great importance to discriminate what is certain and what is merely probable, between facts and their interpretation. This is especially necessary in exposing the philosophical consequences. Doubtless the authors were conscious of this danger. They have the advantage over the ordinary reader of being preserved from error by their mathematical knowledge, whether the philosophical theory they hold be true or false, or only probable. Hence the necessity of showing that the actual theories they hold in the domain of philosophy, and especially of epistemology and cosmology, are not necessary consequences of the physical theory of relativity. With this reservation, the books can be heartily recommended.

C. W. O'HARA.

The Militant Church: "Yet while the Church maintains her ground, she ever suffers *in* maintaining it; she has to fight the good fight in order to maintain it: she fights and she suffers in proportion as she plays her part well; and if she is without suffering it is because she is slumbering. Her doctrines and precepts never can be palatable to the world; and if the world does not persecute, it is because she does not preach."—*Newman: Parochial Sermons*, v. 20.

A POOR-CLARE OF YESTERDAY

MOTHER MARY-DOMINIC, 1799—1871.

THE Poor-Clares-Colettines, *i.e.*, those who embraced the reform of St. Colette, came to Bruges in 1464, two years after her death. For three hundred years—not without vicissitudes—did this Convent survive, till suppressed by Joseph II. of Austria in 1783. It rose again, in 1791, for a brief five years, till suppressed once more, this time by the French, who were in the full tide of their revolutionary activities. In 1816 the nuns re-emerge in Bruges again, cloaking their contemplative life from the eyes of an unbelieving generation by maintaining a little school for the children of the poor. In 1825 the Community was joined by Julie Berlamont, who took the name of Sister Mary-Dominic.

Julie Berlamont was born at Iseghem in West Flanders on March 14, 1799. Baptized in a neighbouring farm, which served as a church—for Catholicity in those times was hated by many nations and not tolerated by the new apostles of Reason—Julie grew up to sanctity in troubled times. She grew up also to a sound common-sense and a discretion almost beyond her years. Aged 17, she took over—at her father's request—the management of his little cloth factory, and soon made her influence felt among the workmen. Her days were well filled. Rising early, she would assist at Mass, and frequently went to Communion. Then, home again, where she would be busy over domestic duties, getting her little brothers and sisters ready for school. Then to the workshop for the greater part of the day. Any time left over would be given to visiting the sick and poor in their homes, and in making useful articles for them.

When twenty-one, she was struck down by a sickness which kept her unconscious for three days, in bed for three months, and sowed the seeds of her religious vocation. She rose weak, delicate, and determined to embrace an austere religious Order. To make ready for this she multiplied prayers and vigils, till her prudent father found it out and put a firm check on both. Her vocation, however, grew daily stronger: her frailty gave her no misgivings, though many to her

friends. "I can do all in Him Who strengtheneth me," seemed to her faith an invincible argument. At length all obstacles were overcome, the final choice made, and all needful consent given generously, but not with confidence. She was to be a Poor-Clare.

By some error it was already late one evening when she heard that she was expected at Bruges the very next morning to be received and clothed. She was staying with a friend. Hastily getting a few things together, she set off that same night in a great storm of driving wind and snow. She reached Bruges in the morning—January 12, 1825—was clothed in the holy habit, and next day was prostrate and confined to her bed. For six weeks the new novice was an invalid, till St. Colette's day, March 6th, when she took her place with the Community. Falling sick again later, it seemed clear God meant her to be elsewhere; and, beyond question, elsewhere she would have gone, had it not been for a Father of the Society of Jesus, of whom the Mother-Abbess took counsel. He interviewed the ailing novice, and then roundly declared to all whom it concerned that she was to be kept as "a gift from God, who would use her for great things." So Mary-Dominic remained. One more temptation, and she was safe. This came in the guise of an invitation to join a group of nuns destined to establish a convent of Poor-Clares in America. Mary-Dominic, all aglow for the work, after the burning words of an American bishop, consulted the Mother-Abbess. She, however, did not favour the scheme, and Mary-Dominic submitted to her judgment, and remained at Bruges. The colonists set out indeed, but the foundation never prospered, and faded at the end into complete extinction.

On a morning in January, 1826, Mary-Dominic took her vows in an ecstasy of fervour and interior consecration of herself to God. That same afternoon she came down again with a bump to earth's petty annoyances, for, whilst carrying wood, she met with an accident and broke her arm. Shortly after her Profession she was chosen by the Mother-Abbess to be her secretary. Besides this office, she was also appointed to teach the children who attended the convent-school, there being an insufficient number of "extern" Sisters for the work. Lastly, for several years she was entrusted with the care of the girls who belonged to the confraternity established at the convent in honour of the Immaculate Con-

ception. In 1829 she became Mistress of Novices. In this important post others, besides the novices, profited by her zeal and ardour. The professed religious would gather in the corridor leading to the novitiate room in order to overhear Mother Mary-Dominic's burning discourses to her novices. She liked to see her little flock cheerful and good-humoured, and never tired of telling them the Devil was the father of "dumps." On February 6, 1830, the Mother-Abbess died. The newly-elected Abbess would only accept office on condition of being allowed to resign the following year, when Mother Mary-Dominic would reach the minimum age required for that office. This she did, and in February, 1831, Mother Mary-Dominic found herself chosen to rule the convent in which she had made Profession five years previously.

Henceforward the externals of her life are briefly told. In 1833, the strict enclosure is enforced, and the Poor-Clares-Colettines of Bruges, the Abbess at their head, shed themselves of all those exterior embarrassments hard times had forced on them. About the same time, Mother Mary-Dominic contributes powerfully by prayer, advice, and practical help towards the restoration of the Belgian-Franciscan Province.

The relations between Mother Mary-Dominic, the Poor-Clare, and Father James Vergauwen, the first Provincial of the new Province, bring back straightway memories of Theresa and John of the Cross,—the friar is mothered by the nun. For long years Father James had been forced to live as a secular priest—a professor in a school. The Poor-Clares at Bruges make him his first habit, Mother Mary-Dominic gives him a few knives and forks and kitchen utensils, and gradually there emerges at Thielt a house of friars. In 1840 there is a union with the revived Franciscan Community at St. Trond, and the travail is over, and the new Province lives. From Belgium the friars come to England, and so do the Poor-Clares-Colettines.

Mother Mary-Dominic, grasping the helping hands of such saintly prelates as Manning and Ullathorne, and of such devoted lay-people as Lord Acton and Lady Herries, is responsible directly for the foundations of Baddesley in 1850, Notting Hill in 1857, Levenshulme in 1863, and York in 1865, all flourishing communities working in our midst to-day, and prolific still. Besides these, Bruges became the Mother of ten other foundations in Belgium and France.

Whence this wonderful productive energy? In 1833, Bruges, as we have noted, finally shook itself together and became an integrally observant house; a year later was founded at Antwerp the first of the fourteen convents looking to Mother Mary-Dominic as its foundress, and to the Bruges Community as its model, so quick was God's answer to their sacrifice and so generous His blessing upon their good-will. Let us note the spirit of Bruges: it is surely reflected for us in the letters of its saintly Abbess, who ruled it for forty years.

These letters have one constant message—Choir—Silence—Apostolate. The Divine Office is the life-work of the Poor-Clare. "I cannot too often urge you to bring great fervour to the work of the choir—what glory a religious gives to God, who does her best to chant the praises of God with fervour and an interior spirit. Our holy Mother Colette tells us that a religious who does not acquit herself well of this holy exercise imperils her salvation." Then as to silence. "Strive after deep recollection of soul and at keeping silent, for without silence and recollection we shall never be women of prayer, and without the spirit of prayer we are but religious in name." She is but echoing St. Bonaventure: "*Si vis, carissime, habere orationem, oportet quod habeas silentium.*" (*Epist. de Imit. Christi.*)

But the striking feature of Mary-Dominic's exhortations is the call to the apostolate. Poor-Clares are to be real missionaries. "The Poor-Clares are to be all on the mission this year, throughout the entire world; and we shall change our ground every month, according to the enclosed scheme, so that no country may be without its missionaries." Again: "During the time of the Jubilee let us be on the mission by our prayers, penances, and works of piety, and above all, by the victories we must gain over our evil inclinations, so as to draw down on the preachers the light of the Holy Spirit, and great power and unction in their apostolic labours. . . . Come then, dear children, and let us get courageously to work."

But apostles, contemplative or active, must ever be building up the spiritual edifice within, and Mary-Dominic is insistent in well-nigh all her letters, on the need of constant self-abnegation—giving up one's own will and judgment—of habitual fidelity, even to the smallest points of observance—and, lastly, of that crowning virtue of charity, without which

the sweet soon turns to bitter, and the vineyard to a field of thistles. "Deaf, dumb, blind to the faults of others"—that might be almost taken as the golden motto of Mary-Dominic, so often does she use the phrase and earnestly dwell on its spirit.

Her end was like her life, utterly tranquil, a gentle sinking back into the arms of One who, throughout the seventy years of her life, had been ever "solicitous for her," measuring out to her fidelity a growing wealth of grace, and to her patience much sickness and ill-health. She died on August 31, 1871, and was buried with great solemnity and devotion by the clergy of Bruges.

P. DOMINIC DEVAS, O.F.M.

The Religious State: "If the truth must be spoken, what are the humble monk and the holy nun and other regulars, as they are called, but Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture? What have they done but this,—continue in the world the Christianity of the Bible? Did our Saviour come on earth suddenly, as He will one day visit us, in whom would He see the features of the Christians He and His Apostles left behind them, but in them? Who but these give up home and friends, wealth and ease, good name and liberty of will, for the Kingdom of Heaven? Where shall we find the image of St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, or of Mary, the mother of Mark, or of Philip's daughters, but in those who, whether they remain in seclusion, or are sent over the earth, have calm faces and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames, and gentle manners, and hearts weaned from the world and wills subdued; and for their meekness meet with insult, and for their purity with slander, and for their gravity with suspicion, and for their courage with cruelty; yet meet Christ everywhere—Christ their all-sufficient and everlasting portion, to make up to them both here and hereafter all they suffer, all they dare, for His Name's Sake."—*Newman: Sermons of the Day, xix.*

VISCOUNT MORLEY'S MEMOIRS

"In the past the Church has triumphed over the Græco-Roman world. She has ridden the steeds of Barbarism, and Emperors have held her stirrup. The traitors of the Renaissance, the rebels of the Reformation, the French Revolution with its fire and sword left her dead and decently buried. This was the report. But the special correspondents were deceived, as their successors will be to the end of time."—*Catholic Review*. Jan. 1913, p. 31.

TO read these Recollections is to revive many strange memories. They waft us back right over the sundering flood to that mid-Victorian age now quickly fading upon our horizon. To be put back into the magic gardens of childhood, with "the horns of elf-land faintly blowing," would scarcely seem stranger.

Seventy years and more of the active memory of one who can truly say *Diu multumque vixi!* And what links with other memories! As a boy of eleven he went to Manchester and saw the Duke of Wellington. Two long memories thus stretch from long before the French Revolution to the eve of one threatening to surpass it.

We have been bludgeoned by events into an attitude of *nil admirari*. The very persons who prate most of "law and order" organize crime and anarchy with an effrontery hard to parallel in history. With the whole *nouveau régime* (since 1789) tumbling about our ears, we already find strange the literary leisure, the elegant trifling, of the "strenuous" yet really frivolous Victorian period. Those clamorous Parliamentary battles now seem exaggerated and tiresome. In that world of interesting and cultured people, with their endless biographies, diaries and memoirs, a few, and but a few, might claim enduring greatness. One may pronounce with some confidence that future generations will take little if any interest in the details, say, of Sir Leslie Stephen's philosophical opinions. The period was all too lavish in bestowing the order of "giant." Every talent was a "genius," and every *littérateur* an "immortal."

It must, however, be acknowledged that the gifted author has used the file unsparingly, achieving a classic restraint and elegance. Moreover, he gives us abundantly of the human and lovable qualities of such as John Stuart Mill, qualities greater than and probably destined to outlast their philosophies. Indeed, there is something admirable in our author's loyal and reverent discipleship to "the saint of Rationalism." The portrait is touched in with a master-hand.

The student of Victorian politics will here learn some of the happenings behind the scenes. For certain aspects of Irish matters, including a very vivid account of Parnell, in critical years, and in a less degree of Indian, these volumes will be of permanent value. Pleasantly interspersed, there is a fair amount of literary criticism, always interesting, if not always convincing. In many of his judgments upon men and affairs there is no little of the shrewdness claimed for the sons of Lancashire. The human and personal interest, however, predominates throughout. To those who have a lively memory of the Boer War it is pleasant to make acquaintance with a Joseph Chamberlain who quotes Tacitus and *Zadig*, very aptly too, and makes holiday at Switzerland with his strangely dissimilar friend, the author. It is no small achievement in our day of disillusion to make the story of the Victorian time so readable and so living as Viscount Morley has made it. The admirably chiselled diction has a certain austere beauty, perhaps at its best in the Epilogue:

It was the hour of Dante's ever adorable passage—*era già l'ora che volge il disio ai naviganti*—that lent its first line to Gray's *Elegy*, and was well caught by Byron—the hour when they who sail the seas hear the evening bell afar, and are pierced with yearning in their hearts at thought of the tender friends from whom they had been that morning torn away. No angelus across the waves reached my Surrey upland, but the church bells ringing out with pleasant cheerfulness for evening service from the valley down below, recalled the bells of Lytham where in the quiet churchyard in the wood by the Lancashire seashore are the remains of those who began my days. A vaguely remembered passage of Chateaubriand floated into my mind about church bells: how they tell the world that we have come into it, and when we leave it; into what enchanted dreams they plunge us—religion, family, native land, the cradle, the tomb, the past, the future. We cannot in truth be sure that the dreams of twilight and the evening bell will always savour of enchantment; they are the moments that waken retrospect, and the question whether a man's life has been no better than the crossing of a rough and swollen stream on slippery stepping-stones, instead of a steady march on the granite road.

Yet this very passage, where, as in a score of others, eschatology is gently put aside as an insoluble enigma, brings us to the great deficiency of which a Catholic reader is sensible.

After all, the greatest interest of a man's life is surely his attitude to the things that matter, his relations with his

Creator, determining also those with his fellow-men, and the *quatuor novissima*. Here we find little but disappointment. The investigation makes special appeal to one who wandered in agnosticism at the dark opening of this century, and at the same time looked upon the John Morley of those days, alone of English statesmen, with the sincerest and deepest veneration as the saint of agnosticism, as confessor of justice, an intrepid hero who kept the bridge of sanity single-handed, like Horatius, against the savage Jingo host of those war-fevered days. Indeed, it required no little courage and resolution to take the stand he then took, a stand which extorted the respect even of the fanatics, for his few pronouncements, firm and uncompromising, were also admirably restrained. At Manchester, on September 19, 1899, he faced a hostile audience of eight to ten thousand people for ten minutes before he could gain a hearing by claim of his Lancashire birth, and held them for an hour, concluding thus: "You may carry fire and sword into the midst of peace and industry: it will be wrong. A war of the strongest Government in the world with untold wealth and inexhaustible reserves against this little republic will bring you no glory: it will be wrong. You may make thousands of women widows, and thousands of children fatherless: it will be wrong. It may add a new province to your Empire: it will still be wrong. You may give buoyancy to the African stock and share market: it will still be wrong." To-day it still seems to me as noble a testimony as it did at the time. "A man who will speak and who dare not lie."

I well remember showing a college friend from Cornwall (a Wesleyan, as it happened) the photograph of my statesman hero, and his reply, "It is a terrible face, the face of a saint." That a man so capable of standing alone in a just cause, so sincere in his well-trying love of justice, has in him the makings of a saint, cannot be doubted. Let us gladly and gratefully salute a courage and integrity so rare, a natural virtue so outstanding.

But beyond the natural we find a great blank. Brought up under mingled Low Church and Wesleyan influences, his faith evaporates at Oxford (where he had Wesley's own rooms), and ever since the question of Providence, "the doubtful doom of human-kind," remains for him at best "the grand Perhaps"—the agnostic of the 'seventies, and earlier, remains—the pity of it!—the agnostic of 1917 (the date of his *Recollections*). Nothing retracted, nothing advanced,

nothing learned, nothing forgotten. So far as I can gather, his reading of the attitude of Marcus Aurelius best interprets his own. "If all is random, be not random thou: if things are ordered once for all following in due sequence, then accept necessity with reverence, trusting the external fate that rules," with this preamble "the secret of his riddle between gods on one hand and atoms on the other a secret remains, impossible for human frailty to find out."

About death he never jests, neither does he share the disquietude of Huxley, who avowed, in a well-known letter to him, his preference for hell "at least in the upper circles" over the anticipated annihilation. Spencer confessed he shrank from the contemplation of an infinite space wherein his passing wavelet of existence had no significance; Edward Fitzgerald, in one of his fascinating letters, admitted he was well aware that his aimless way of life was not approved by the open eyes above; Swinburne thanks "what-ever gods may be"—"that no life lasts for ever"; but Frederic Harison himself is not more imperturbable in utterance than our veteran statesman. Pensive and literary musings about death, these are not wanting, but I fail to find anything deeper than a certain Stoicism, and that apparently without Marcus Aurelius' belief in the divine.

It is strange that a man of eighty should retain, in such days, his faith in Progress, but stranger yet that he should put gently by him the question what happens "when we have shuffled off this mortal coil." The mere possibility of an eternity of weal or woe depending upon our conduct here should evoke other moods than a calm unruffled waiting upon the event. "Fear not thou . . . the silent opener of the gate." But our author is content, it would seem, not to know whether there be gate or opener! Does he, like William Morris, find the question "so unimportant"? Can human things for their own sake give zest and meaning to life at 80? Strange, trebly strange, in a man of ripe and varied experience, free from the most common delusions, and well aware of vulnerable points even in that armour of Liberalism wherein he has trusted for full sixty years! Belloc's and Cecil Chesterton's "audacious" charge against the Party System is thus gravely admitted ten years later!

Much of parliamentary debate is dispute between men who in truth and at bottom agree, but invent arguments to disguise agreement and contrive a difference. It is artificial, but serves a purpose in justifying two lobbies and a party division. You

have patiently to learn the wholesome lesson, that wisdom may be wisdom even when she chooses rhetorical apparel. (I. 192.)

The following is also very frank:

Material for cheap irony about government by majority of votes abounds, but a good enough answer lies in the witticism that we must either count or fight, and counting is better than fighting. (I. 194.)

And yet—and yet—he is still, to all appearance, content with "this swift fleeting world and piteous." Morris, indeed, was haunted by the futility of all human things in the presence of the concealed skeleton.

"I cannot . . . make quick-coming death a little thing."
"To build a shadowy isle of bliss" amid the sea of human ills was all his hope!

Death have we hated, not knowing what it meant.

In practical life a man of decision, Lord Morley confronts "the great secret" with a mental attitude—the phrase is Stevenson's—of "balance and blank."

"Loyalty to the lamp of right reason." Yet the life is but momentary, and the reasoners are few.

At best a man's life is so short. Labour for bread fills most of his waking hours; it dulls by monotony, or exhausts by strain, or both. Who can wonder that in our daily battles the combatants constantly use the same word in totally different senses, have taken little trouble to master its full meaning, to unravel all the relevant implications that a word or a proposition carries along with it? Yet after all loose logic is not enough to turn men into somnambulists. Needs of life and circumstance are the constant spur. (II. 364-5.)

Neither has he held aloof from Catholics. Very far from it. He has read his Newman. During his tenure of Dublin Castle he held most friendly intercourse with bishops, priests and laity; he visited convent schools (but cannot refrain in his diary from painfully irreverent words about "bleeding hearts," etc.); and at Rome, by sheer mischance, he missed an audience with Leo XIII., while the General of the Jesuits paid him flattering attention. More than this,

The first of my French studies was Joseph de Maistre, the powerful genius, whose implacable championship of reactionary principles, both in spiritual and temporal spheres, made him for a time so notable a figure in the history of European opinion. (I. 82.)

Indeed, that essay on de Maistre is the best English account of him known to me, and shows a truly surprising

understanding of the great antagonist of Lord Morley's strange hero, Voltaire.

But what is the upshot of it all? Suppose Progress eventually ground out a better state of things, even an earthly paradise. Suppose all had ample sufficiency of cakes and ale, of food and raiment for life's brief needs. What of it if life itself has no ultimate meaning? "O life as futile then as frail," cries out the chosen poet of the time, the primal dragons "were mellow music matched with"—thanatist mankind. The glacial irony of Mallock also comes to mind. Can politics be an end in themselves to our Nestor? Shall we be all eventually, in Chestertonian phrase, "a little more like the late Prince Consort"? His friend, George Eliot, wrote:

'Tis a poor climax, to my weaker thought,
This general middlingness.

Is this a creed, a philosophy to live and die for? Moreover, how avoid the question:

What is it all but the trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million suns?

"Earnest and persistent zeal for wise politics." Are these any more than a social *modus vivendi* of cunning animals, if the supernatural be ignored or denied?

The author confesses to a fondness for twilight; his last chapter is an autumn reverie which ends, characteristically, by raising a great question only to put it by:

A painful interrogatory, I must confess, emerges. Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches? *Circumspice*. Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as ever it was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a Witches' Sabbath? These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for something better weighed and more deliberative than an autumn reverie. (II. 366-7.)

Vani autem sunt omnes homines, the stern word runs, *in quibus non subest scientia Dei*. The year 1917 is already far behind us. *Datur hora quieti*. Three years is no small respite. Let us cherish the hope that the gifted author of these volumes is even now reflecting upon and endeavouring to answer the question—surely no Sphinx's riddle—we left him asking. Such will be the hope—and the prayer—of his many Catholic readers.

H. E. G. ROPE.

AN IRISH DIARY. IV.

THE CLADDAGH.

DURING my stay in Ireland Galway has been my base, and there I have spent three or four weeks, on and off, at St. Ignatius' College. Of Galway city more later on: for the present let me collect from my diary a few impressions of the Claddagh,—a fishing village which occupies the land between the College and the sea.

The Claddagh is, I presume, a part of Galway city: but it makes a complete whole by itself and is singularly unlike the rest. I have only to walk a few yards from the College to find myself in a totally different world. That short walk has been often taken, and most of my time in Galway has been spent among the friendly fisher-folk whose little white cottages cluster round the Dominican church near the quay.

The Claddagh, I am told, is "not what it was." I suspect that few places are. The fishermen of the old type are disappearing; the young men, alas, are emigrating in swarms, and a number of people from Connemara are coming into the village. Still, the Claddagh retains sufficient of its old characteristics and customs to give it an extraordinary charm. Well, here are my jottings.

Monday, March 22nd. Wandered round the Claddagh, an extensive, rambling collection of thatched cottages, a large number of them in ruins, and the rest mostly inadequate by all modern standards. Some dwellings have only one room: many only two. The place is a regular maze. The open spaces, strewn with heaps of stones, piles of mussel-shells, and sundry rubbish, swarm with happy children. There seem to be a great number of large families. How they fit into the little cottages is a mystery. These children are charming,—chubby cheeks and black hair, close curled or flying wild. They play at shop or hurley with immense gusto. Also at "pitch and toss" with the tin tops of soda-water bottles. Some very small boys were asked what they were playing with. One of them answered (and his answer, obviously meant for a group of policemen standing by, was given in a mock-tragic whisper, with a twinkle in the eye)—"German gold, Fader."

Made my first friends among the fisher-folk. Mike Hurney I discovered thatching a neighbour's roof with astonishing deftness. He has a real pride of workmanship, is never idle, and is uncommonly versatile. He is, in fact, the handy-man of the village. The backyard of his cottage is entirely filled with a large boat he is building for carrying seaweed. He has built his house with his own hands and made most of the furniture. He lives with his old mother, his brother Joe, his sister, and his little daughter, and in that household I was always to find a ready welcome.

The spiritual centre of the Claddagh is the Dominican Church, a bright and spacious building, much frequented. On the pier stands the Claddagh Institute, with billiard table, stage and rooms for dances and meetings. A fine broad sea road, the Gratton Road (known as the tenpenny road, from the daily wage of the men who made it), curves round two sides of the village, and on either side of it are open spaces where the men play hurley with amazing skill. It is a fierce game when the blood is up, and casualties are not infrequent. I have read in Irish history of a hurley match in which three people were killed, and which was succeeded by a pitched battle. I quite believe it. The Claddagh used to have an invincible team, named after Father Tom Burke, who was born close by, but the war has made sad ravages in it.

The only other sport appears to be pitch and toss, in which groups of lads are sometimes found indulging in secluded corners.

Wednesday. Four men sitting round a tub outside a cottage door. They are not, as I at first supposed, playing cards, but shelling mussels for bait. It is a long job: the bait for a day's fishing taking half a day to prepare. Yet how swiftly they work. Three movements of the sharp little knife scrape the shell, prise it open and flick the contents unerringly into the vessel. I watch fascinated and then join them. The job is not as easy as it looks. Meanwhile they tell me much about the boats and the fishing and the lives of the men who go down to the sea in ships.

There are only about fifteen fishing-boats left in Galway (not to speak of the trawlers), and of these only about half a dozen belong to Claddagh men. The rest are owned by shopkeepers and the like. Many were sold during the war.

There used to be nearly a hundred of these boats in the Claddagh harbours. The sons of the fishermen are leaving their homes and going to seek labourers' jobs in England, for they cannot get boats and, as things are, it is very, very hard in Galway to get a living from the sea. So into our big pagan towns they drift, cutting themselves off from their own Catholic land, with its atmosphere of the Faith and its holy associations and its practices and habits of piety, where it was so easy for them to see God everywhere, where they were so docile to the good influences all around them. To our towns they come, to struggle unaided in a welter of materialism, to hear religion scoffed at or, what is almost worse, ignored, to have their spirits and imaginations slowly stifled, their moral sense, it may be, blunted. Thank God, many of them survive the ordeal and swell the numbers of our devoted Catholic congregations, keeping their hearts pure and their faith unsullied. But is it right that they should be exposed to such an ordeal? They don't *want* to leave their homes. Their mothers, believe me, don't *want* to part with them. Their native land is the soil best suited for them. They are simply forced out of it by pitiless economic forces.

Look at it from any point of view you like and you will admit it to be maddeningly wrong. It is unnatural. Emigration has its uses when population grows excessive or a land is ungenerous in its supplies of food. But the population of Galway is only a quarter of what it was. And here is the sea teeming with fish and here is a splendid seafaring race, with the traditions of the sea in their blood, and here is the world wanting food. Yet we allow these fine young men to be driven by poverty into Bradford to mend roads or Liverpool to shift bales. Are they the better for this fatuous arrangement? Are we?

It is with tears in my heart that, day by day, I watch the crowds of young men thronging the Labour Exchange for a job. They will get it, sooner or later; but it will not be in Galway. I think of the great Catholic bishop who has called our industrial world a slave-market. Really, it is something like it when men are moved about like pawns on a chess board with no sort of choice as to where they shall live.

Where is the blame and what is the remedy?

Well, to answer the first question, one needs to read a little history,—and not the travesty which often passes for history in England. And secondly, I venture to think that the very

natural absorption of Ireland in national politics has obscured the great truth that social action is no less important than political. It was almost inevitable that this should occur. Where there is a sense of political grievance, it is natural to suppose that when the grievance is removed all social difficulties will vanish. But were the political system remoulded indefinitely "nearer to the heart's desire" of Irishmen to-morrow, there would still remain the need of careful concerted thinking and wise action in social matters,—and it is never too soon to start these things. In suggesting this I am but repeating humbly what the Irish bishops and many enlightened priests and laymen have said already. I do seem to notice in Ireland the same curious and melancholy phenomenon which I have often pointed out in England: namely, that the Catholic "upper" classes, the men who have received a college and university education, or who have become eminent in their professions or notably successful in business, show as a rule a singular disinclination to study and apply the laws of Christian social reconstruction as laid down by Leo XIII. Of course there are brilliant exceptions: but, on the whole, it is mainly the working classes who are really alive to these things.

Now this is frankly a mystery to me. It does seem to point to some shortcoming in Catholic higher education. For, after all, one would expect that this simple application of the fundamental Christian law of charity would be impressed upon boys educated in Catholic schools. Be it as it may, one finds in Ireland as in England, well-to-do business and professional and "leisured" men, who will talk volubly about political generalizations, but who will not devote their business brains or their professional knowledge or their leisure to the obvious task of helping those about them. Something more is wanted than the activities of the S.V.P. as usually exercised: though were Ozanam among us he might enlarge our conception of charitable work.

[*Reader*: "And you venture to teach the people of Ireland their own business on the strength of a few days spent in Galway?"]

Author: "This bit is not out of my diary. I wrote it on my way home. Besides, this wasn't my first visit to Ireland. I once spent a year in the heart of it. And moreover it's exactly what the people themselves say. And finally I want to prod the "successful" Catholic in England. But please

let me get on with my diary and don't involve me in political discussions, for which I have no taste."]

Well, the four fishermen shelled mussels and talked. They told me much about the hardship of a fisherman's life, and I was soon to experience it. But first of all something about the little fishes themselves.

There was a wonderful herring season thirty years ago. A perfect glut. The men could only get half a dollar a thousand for them. One boat, containing an old man and his two sons, sank under the load, and all were drowned. The Claddagh men are cautious fishermen, and there has, I think, been no fatality since. The bay is blessed every year by the Dominican Fathers: the whole fleet turns out for it. Last year was a good season too, and the men got £1 a thousand for the herrings. Query—who gets the rest?

The fishing boats of the Claddaghs are hookers, such as we have already met at Inishbofin. They are charming boats to look at and admirable weather boats. But they are on the small side (formerly the hookers were larger, I gather), and of course there are not enough of them. What is wanted are motor-boats of the right sort. Some are being provided by the Congested District Board, but the men do not seem enthusiastic about them.

The crying need of the Claddagh is *co-operation*, which has succeeded so admirably at Aran and elsewhere. What Aran has done, Galway might surely do, for Aran is handicapped by the additional freightage. Of course there would be obstacles. Some of the fishermen are very conservative. And there is human nature to reckon with. Yet, as they admit, it *might* be done. "We want a strong man to pull us together."

And why on earth is there no curing station?

[Reader: "I'm getting annoyed with your airy suggestions. Get on with your story, such as it is."

Author: "You will learn a little patience when I have taken you out for thirteen hours on a hooker."]

Thursday. Mike has been showing me one of the spears which used to be used for destroying sun-fish. It is a heavy iron implement nearly five feet long, with a chisel-like point and a murderous barb. It was fitted into a long wooden shaft.

Fishing for sun-fish ceased thirty years ago, though the fish themselves still abound. You may see them basking in the sunshine of the bay, great brutes twenty feet long, dorsal fin out of water. They are easily approached, and you can put your hand on them.

When smitten by the javelin they would promptly sink,—and one had to play out illimitable rope with all speed. Then they would run, towing the boat, sometimes beyond Aran, till exhausted. Then the enormous liver was cut out, "filling the boat," and the carcass left. The liver was taken back and boiled in vats over the enormous fire-places which one still sees in the ruins of the older houses. "Gallons and gallons" of excellent smokeless oil—"the best"—were extracted.

Remembering the present price of oil, I suggested reviving the sun-fishery, but with explosive bullets instead of the old method, which was slow and dangerous—and sometimes expensive, since you were apt to lose fish, tackle and all.

Talking of prices (and it is a favourite subject of conversation here, and a melancholy one), these fishermen, who may be hindered from fishing by weather for weeks at a time, and who, even when they get a fine day, may make only a pound or two a head: these good people, I say, have to pay £4 a ton for their coal and 25s. for a little donkey-load of turf,—the latter working out at about a halfpenny a block. There has been a strike about the turf, however. Last market day the people refused to pay more than half this sum: and they got their way.

Some of the fishermen help themselves out by cultivating little plots and growing potatoes and vegetables—but especially potatoes, which they manure with seaweed. Needless to say, there are no gardens in the Claddagh, and there is not too much land available in the neighbourhood at all. But what there is the men snap up readily.

There is a strip of land along the "tenpenny road," which was chosen for the new houses which are to be built "some day." (Nobody in the Claddagh, not even little Thomas O'Flaherty, expects to live to see these houses actually built.) The authorities decided that they might temporarily be used as vegetable plots. At once the men were at work on them, digging furiously.

There is a fierce land-hunger in this neighbourhood at present. In itself, this is a very healthy sign. It is good that

the people should want land and have the instinct for land. In England our urban populations have lost all feeling about land. They don't want it, and wouldn't have it if you offered it to them. For one thing, they wouldn't have the slightest notion what to do with it: they have lost a precious human possession, and are thereby dangerously exposed to industrial slavery. In Ireland it is not so: the people are rooted to the soil, and even show some disposition to strike their roots in other people's soil.

The priests, I *know*, are perpetually and harassingly engaged in restraining the excess to which this land-hunger is leading so many of the people. They explain carefully what is just and what is not. But excesses remain: these, of course, have nothing to do with the outstanding political contest, but are merely a recrudescence of a long-standing trouble, and are due partly to the fact that the police have been called away from the country districts and massed, for their own protection, in town barracks. There has been much trouble in Clare, and also outside Galway. Thus, recently, a body of men presented themselves before a land-owner, bringing a sum of money which they thought a reasonable price for his land,—and also a coffin. The land-owner was given his choice. The money changed hands.

A Tuesday. Here is a specimen of a day's fishing.

"The Rising Sun" is a black hooker with a 21 feet keel, open, except for a diminutive cabin in the bows. The crew are Patrick Glynn and his nephew Bartley Glynn: also John Fitzgerald and Luke Fahy.

We leave the Claddagh dock at 6 a.m. to fish off South Island, Aran, nineteen Irish miles away. A beautiful morning, with a rosy sunrise fading into pearl grey.

We take six or seven hours to get to the fishing ground as there is not much wind in the bay, and we have to use our oars. So there is plenty of opportunity for conversation.

Bartley is a youth, full of animation, and his face perpetually rippling into smiles. The other three are elderly fishermen. It is very like being in St. Peter's boat. They are all convinced that Almighty God has a very special care for fishermen. They have been in storms where only His aid could have brought them through.

"We keep Him always in our hearts," said Bartley. And of old John one of the others said to me: "He thinks of nothing but Almighty God." To these men He is the one reality: the rest is dreams and shadows.

They wanted to know what sort of boats the Apostles fished in and what kind of fish they caught.

The skipper gave all his sailing directions in Gaelic, but for the rest we talked English. I was immensely struck by the delicate courtesy and consideration of these four men, their wonderful patience and humility. No unkind word ever crossed their lips, no annoyance seemed to ruffle their spirits. Yet their life is exacting enough. Again and again they have to spend the night in the boat, sleeping in their wet clothes. There is no sort of comfort on board. Hour after hour they are drenched with spray or frozen to the marrow by the cutting winds. Disappointments abound. And at the best, the result of their endurance and anxiety is a pittance that will scarcely keep their families alive.

But we have arrived at the fishing ground. For the last hour or so we have been baiting the hooks with mussels, and the lines or spillets are now ready to be thrown. Three lines of about 200 yards each are strung together, and to the two ends are fastened inflated buoys like footballs. To this long line are attached, at intervals of a short fathom, lines about a foot long, each terminated by a hook artfully concealed by a couple of mussels. The line is given me to bless. We set it, and then wait for a short hour.

Now comes the excitement of hauling in the line at the bow. Bartley stands by with a gaff, to assist the landing of the larger fish. The old man hauls.

Over the side they come, writhing and struggling, the gleaming fish,—haddock and whiting and plaice and an occasional gurnet. Other things come too. Scallops and starfish and seaweed. Getting the fish off the hooks is a bloody business. One tries to do it kindly. "What will God say to us," says Bart, pensively, "for killing all His little fish?" To this theological conundrum I cannot give much attention, for some of the haddock seem to have completely digested their hooks, and John is flopping the fish at me faster than I can attend to them.

A good haul: and fine big fish. The men are evidently pleased. Now for the second throw. The spillets have been already baited so as to save time. They are played out again, and again we wait for the fish to make their acquaintance.

A second good haul, thanks be to God. We are re-baiting the first set of spillets again, when a squall begins to threaten. It is one of those Sou' Westers which the fishermen, above

all other gales, dislike. It is going to be a very dirty night, so we abandon the idea of spending it off the island. We bolt for Galway with the wind at our heels. Then comes down the rain in torrents, and we are all drenched to the skin in five minutes. The fire in the cabin is doused by a wave.

We get back in 140 minutes. There are some anxious moments, but the old hooker behaves excellently.

All very interesting as an experience. But trying enough for those who spend their lives at it.

Our haul, when counted, turns out to be thirteen dozen big fish. This is notably more than the other boats have succeeded in catching: and it even exceeds by three the number of big fish caught by St. Peter on the occasion of the miraculous draught described by St. John, who knew how to count fish. The men ascribe our success to the blessing of the spilletts: and thereafter there is an increased competition for the presence of the priest on board.

April 15th. There was a "wake" last night for an old woman who has died in the Claddagh. These wakes are very unlike the pagan orgies of delirious grief about which one reads. There is no drinking. The neighbours contribute money for Masses, and come and sit silently in the room where the corpse is laid out with all the symbols of religion about it. The day before burial the body is taken to the church, there to remain for the night. This privilege is shared by the very poorest, and is not confined, as sometimes elsewhere, to "persons of consequence." At these wakes one is proffered tobacco or a pinch of snuff, a kind of symbol of intimacy with the household: and in the evening the women "keen" over their dead, and recall touching little incidents in the life of the deceased. There is no suggestion of despair, here, or of a people who are without hope. Resignation to "God's most blessed will" runs through all. But as an impression of human grief it is more sincere and moving than the conventional accompaniments of a funeral in non-Catholic lands, with their chilly decorum and nauseating unreality.

April 16th. As at Bofin, the dog-fish destroy the nets, the seals (plentiful across the bay) get under, take the fish and decamp. But, Jim Hurney tells me, the seals are learning a new trick. They take the fish off the very hooks of the line-fishers. He lately gaffed one of them in the act.

So these days and others have been passed, mostly in talk with the fishermen and their families. I think I came to know them nearly all, and I count it a very great privilege to have done so. They were extraordinarily kind to me. The old men would take endless trouble to explain to me the details of the fishing, and initiate me into the handling of their boats. The mothers would tell me all about their boys, lost in the war or absent in England or America. They would produce tea for me, and their excellent home-made bread, and make me, instantly, one of the family. The young men took me to their hurley matches, sang me songs, showed me all their photographs, lent me their oilskins, and looked after me generally. And now that I am back in England they write to me, tell me the news, and hope that this letter will find me in good health as it leaves all at home, thank God.

As for the children I could write pages about them. They greet me with the salutation, "God speed ye, Fader," and sometimes with a more elaborate ritual,—making the sign of the Cross, genuflecting, and then folding the hands reverently. They will, on occasion, ask for a "scaffler" or an Agnus Dei or a pair of beads: for money, never. They are quite ready to make friends, and, after the first interview, would fly in swarms to meet me with shouts of "the priest, the priest."

A particular friend of mine is Thomas O'Flaherty, a sturdy youth of about seven, who confessed his readiness to return with me to England in spite of family ties. He has a large number of sisters (some of them grown up) to look after. "Thomas," I said one day, "this piece of toffee is for you because you are the son and heir." He sought consultation with his mother. "*Am* I the son and heir?" he inquired, anxiously. Reassured, he accepted the toffee and grew visibly in self-importance. It was Thomas who, tucked up in bed with a high temperature, and seeing me pass by with a camera, sprang from his couch and presented himself at the cottage door in exiguous attire to be "fotyruffed."

Let us hope that when Thomas grows to manhood the Irish problem will have been settled, the Claddagh fishing organized, the emigration stopped and the promised new houses built: and that, amid these great changes, the people may retain all their strong faith and tender piety, their kindly hospitality and their humour.

C. PLATER.

AN ANGLICAN HISTORY OF CONFESSION¹

THERE is sound and sufficient reason why both clergy and laity of the Established Church should interest themselves in the Sacrament of Penance. The Book of Common Prayer has always recognized the claim of him whose "conscience is troubled with any weighty matter," both to make confession of his sins and to receive absolution "if he humbly and heartily desire it." Long before all the trouble arose about Ritualistic practices, the more advanced wing of the High Church party had inculcated the use of confession, and there was even a strong feeling that recourse to this means of grace was meant to be something more than a desperate remedy in view of approaching death. Already, in 1843, Keble wrote :

We go on working in the dark, and in the dark it will be until the rule of systematic confession is received in our Church. . . . They do not, they cannot, unless they were tried as we are, form an adequate notion how absolutely we are in our parishes like people whose lantern has blown out, and who are feeling their way and continually stepping in puddles and splashes of mud, which they think are dry stones.

"The idea of Protestantism," he continues, "seems inseparable to me from 'every man his own absolver'"; and he remarks elsewhere:

The Prayer-book, not we, taught confession. As a fact, the practice of confession was revived while scarcely a word was said about absolution. The teaching followed the practice, and as it began, so has it continued.²

From that time, in spite of occasional opposition from conferences or commissions, the practice of confession has undoubtedly spread widely amongst the more earnest worshippers of the Anglican Communion. Confessionals have been openly erected in public churches, books of moral theology have been printed for the use of confessors, the indicative form of absolution is often employed, and, in fact, the whole

¹ *A History of Penance.* By Oscar D. Watkins, M.A. 2 Vols. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1920.

² Letters written by Keble in 1843.

machinery of the tribunal of Penance seems to have been taken over as completely as the vestments, lights and incense belonging to the liturgy of the Blessed Eucharist.

It is not, then, surprising that an Anglican scholar should now have produced what we must recognize to be an important and substantial contribution to the early history of the Sacrament of Penance. Probably no modern treatise, Catholic or non-Catholic, has been conceived on more satisfactory or scientific lines. Mr. Watkins' plan, after dividing the history into periods, is to print *in extenso*, in their original Latin or Greek, the principal citations from early Christian literature bearing on his theme. Then he summarizes these extracts in English, comments upon them, and deduces his conclusions, not forgetting to recapitulate, from time to time, the results arrived at. The book is thus a model of clearness of arrangement. So far as we can see, Mr. Watkins has carried out his task without prejudice or *parti pris*, and the final outcome of his researches, at any rate for the first four centuries of Christian history, accords substantially with the conclusions which Morinus, therein followed by most of the younger generation of Catholic investigators, long ago arrived at in opposition to the *a priori* and more dogmatic pronouncements of the scholastic theologians. But the treatment of the subject is everywhere temperate, and it gives the impression of a certain freshness of touch which is probably due to the fact that the author has worked out his conclusions from a study of the texts themselves, without overloading his pages with references to the interminable discussions of the scholars who have dealt with isolated details.

The inquiry begins with a very interesting point concerning the "Apostolic Decree" (Acts xv. 28-29). In accord with Resch, Harnack and Sanday, Mr. Watkins inclines to the view that the primitive text of the enactment was not that represented by our oldest Greek manuscripts, and that it was not concerned with any ceremonial regulation of diet. Its true import is rather that suggested to us in the writings of Irenæus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Pacian, and others. It embodied, in fact, a prohibition of what were long recognized in the early Church as the three "capital sins," viz., idolatry, fornication and homicide. A very illuminating presentment of the Christian teaching in the first three centuries is afforded by a passage of the Spanish bishop Pacian. Pacian was a contemporary of Pope Damasus and St. Jerome, but Spain

had preserved a somewhat conservative attitude in this matter of penance, and the practice which Pacian represents seems to perpetuate the attitude of the majority of Christian teachers in the third century. The writer is commenting on the references to penance in the Acts of the Apostles. We borrow Mr. Watkins' translation:

Again lower down (it is written), "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us, that no further burden should be placed upon you beyond this: It is necessary that ye abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood and from fornication; from which if ye observe abstinence ye shall do well." This is the entire conclusion of the New Testament. The Holy Spirit having disregarded many (offences) has handed down to us that these are in the condition of deadly peril. The remaining sins are cured by the compensation of better works: but these three crimes are to be feared as the breath of some basilisk, as a cup of poison, as a deadly snare; for they know how not merely to pollute the soul but to cut it off. Accordingly obduracy will be redeemed by kindness . . . levity by gravity, etc. . . . But what will the despiser of God do? What will the blood-guilty do? What remedy will the fornicator adopt? For will the deserter of God be able to please Him? or will he who has shed another's blood be able to preserve his own? or can he restore the temple of God who has violated it by fornication? Brethren, these (sins) are capital: these are mortal. (*Ista sunt capitalia, fratres; ista mortalia.*¹)

This passage throws into high relief the distinction maintained in the early centuries between "capital" and lesser sins. Such capital sins, Pacian further insists, could only be remitted through formal penance, and it is abundantly clear from his other explicit utterances that the penance of which he was thinking was public in the discipline it enforced, though not perhaps public in the avowal of the offences committed. However, before we come to the time of Pacian, we have to take some account of the attitude adopted towards these capital sins in the Western Church before that edict of Pope Callistus (c. 220), against which Tertullian in his heretic days inveighs so bitterly. Mr. Watkins, we are rather sorry to see, definitely accepts the conclusion that in the Roman Church, as also in Africa and some other regions of the West, apostasy, impurity and homicide had up to that time been treated as irremissible offences, admitting no reconciliation. No doubt there is much in Tertullian's *De Pudicitia*,

¹ Watkins, I. p. 14; Migne, *P.L.* xiii. 1083.

which explicitly or equivalently affirms this, but the trustworthiness of Tertullian cannot be taken for granted. We cannot help wondering whether our author has had the opportunity of perusing the four weighty articles of Père Adhémar d'Alès in the *Revue d'Histoire ecclésiastique*,¹ and whether he would not be induced to modify his somewhat absolute verdict in view of the arguments there adduced. For Mr. Watkins is by no means to be counted as an adherent of Dr. H. C. Lea in the belief that the early Church did not even claim the power of remitting the more grievous forms of sin. He recognizes that some teachers approximated to such a view, but he says, for example, excellently well:

The outlook of the earliest Christian centuries in the matter of the capital sins of baptized persons is so entirely foreign to the mind of the modern Church that it seldom finds appreciation. To the earliest Christians the extension of pardon in this life to scandalous members of the Christian body was hardly a matter of primary concern, even if it could be contemplated at all. The offenders in common with others had had their share in the mercies of the Lord when they were baptized: and they might seek them again at the last great day. Meanwhile there was no great harm done in leaving the offenders alone: and severe exclusion might indeed prove to be the truest kindness to themselves. An important, and for a long time prevailing, section of the Christian community went farther than this. It was contended that the three capital sins of apostasy, impurity and bloodshed were reserved for the Divine tribunal: and that it was temerarious and impious for man to assume to admit such persons to the reconciliation of the Church in this present life. Thus the commission to loose tended to be shut down to a class of sins which may be styled intermediate or moderate; reaching neither the capital sins which were *irremissible* or *incurable*, nor the more venial sins for which formal Penance was not required. At the same time the commission to bind was claimed and exercised in the fullest measure. The Church was safeguarded against the unworthy by the rigorous exclusion of such persons for the whole term of life. In the presence of the heathen she must stand ever purged. If she kept herself undefiled she might look for the approval of her Lord.²

One of the more excellent features in the volumes before us is the careful distinction made between different localities in regard to the practice of penance. Speaking of the Eastern

¹ "Tertullien et Calliste": January to October, 1912; reprinted in book form, *L'Édit de Calliste*, Paris, 1914.

² Watkins, I. p. 469.

Church generally, Mr. Watkins does not attempt to trace the developments in penitential discipline further than the year 450. In the West he carries his inquiry down to the time of the fourth Council of Lateran, the date of the famous decree, *Omnis utriusque sexus*. But even in the West there are careful distinctions to be made between one part of Christendom and another, and we are not aware that any previous scholar has been quite so careful as the writer before us to bear in mind the fact that witnesses cannot as a rule be relied upon to testify to the practice of the Church outside the range of their own immediate observation. When we attempt to compare the usages of East and West, in the earlier centuries, this feature is very patent. Nothing, for example, can be clearer than the extraordinary largeness of St. John Chrysostom, both at Antioch and at Constantinople, in the views which he expounds regarding the reconciliation of the sinner. As Mr. Watkins very discerningly observes, "it is not a little remarkable that Chrysostom, to himself ever severe, is in this matter of Church discipline the most modern and relaxed of teachers." We think, perhaps, that our author, having modern Anglican practice prominently in mind,¹ is a little disposed to exaggerate the efficacy and universality of Chrysostom's alternative methods of extinguishing sin, but there can be no doubt that the teaching of the great preacher upon this matter deserves rather more careful attention than it has hitherto received. In his attitude towards the graded system of penance which he found in existence all around him under the sanction of such famous names as those of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus and St. Basil, Chrysostom's independence of view is most striking. "He is no scoffer at Penance," says Mr. Watkins, "and no unbeliever in the powers conferred upon the priesthood: but he is entirely opposed to the imposition of long years of discipline, to the 'intolerable' publicity involved, and to the infliction of harsh penalties. He is repelled by the mechanical character of the whole system." Not less worthy of notice is the same teacher's attitude towards the reiteration of penance:

Chrysostom [writes Mr. Watkins] more boldly than any of his contemporaries, takes up what may be called the modern

¹ Note for example his remark on p. 476: "The ordinary Christian is advised (by St. Chrysostom) to adopt some mode of penitence if he needs it. The conditions of Antiochene Christianity at the close of the fourth century are, in fact, strangely like the modern conditions familiar to ourselves."

position on the subject of repeated penitence and repeated forgiveness. Hermas in announcing the revelation of a special forgiveness had been careful to indicate that no repetition of it could be looked for. The generations which followed Hermas, while claiming for the Church continued access to the prerogative of mercy for the sinner after Baptism, did not in the case of the capital sins admit the individual penitent to more than one course of Penance with Absolution. If he fell again he was to be referred to the mercy of God at the great day. Here and there a timorous voice might plead for some extension of the prerogative of mercy. But it is Chrysostom who first throws limits to the winds. According to Sisinnius he stated that though a man should sin a thousand times he might repent a thousand times and still find forgiveness. There is no reason to doubt that the statement of Sisinnius is true or sufficiently near the truth. A somewhat similar charge was not the least serious of the counts against Chrysostom which occupied the attention of the Synod of the Oak.¹

None the less, while these views were being disseminated at Antioch and Constantinople, we find Pope St. Siricius at Rome in a famous decretal instructing a Spanish bishop that apostates were to do penance all their lifetime, and were only to be admitted to Communion when at the point of death. Moreover, even when the penitent, after a long period of expiation, had been reconciled to God, he incurred all kinds of disabilities which affected even his whole civil life. No one who had been a penitent could undertake military service, nor was he permitted to attend the games of the circus, or to contract marriage, and still less, to receive ordination among the clergy.² This extreme rigour was not confined to Rome. A similar attitude was maintained at Milan and in Africa and Spain. Indeed, several centuries had passed before any reiteration of penance for capital sins was tolerated in certain regions of the West. St. Ambrose, himself also a contemporary of Chrysostom, says quite clearly:

They are deservedly reprov'd who hold that Penance may be repeated on several occasions. For if they did their Penance aright, they would not hold that it could be repeated afterwards: because as there is one Baptism, so there is one Penance. This is, however, the Penance of public observance; for it behoves us to repent of our daily sins, but this penitence is of the lighter, the other of the graver sins.³

This quotation from St. Ambrose brings us face to face

¹ Watkins, I. p. 346.

² *Ibid.* I. p. 429.

³ Migne, *P.L.* xvi. 520; Watkins, I. p. 435.

with what is perhaps the most difficult problem of the whole subject, the relation, to wit, between public penance and auricular confession. The question is one which Mr. Watkins does not seem to discuss very directly, though his materials supply a great deal of information which has an important bearing on the issue. The Catholic naturally asks himself, in connection with the discipline of penance of the early centuries, where and in what manner was the sacrament received? Are we to believe, as many Catholic theologians have in fact contended, that the public admission to penance was as a rule preceded by private confession, together with sacramental absolution? No doubt, before a man was received as a penitent, there was an avowal of guilt, and this avowal, we have every reason to believe from the manner of speaking of St. Leo and others, was made at an early date in private, and often with such precautions, that although he took his place among the public penitents, the precise nature of his transgression was not made known. But no shadow of documentary proof of this supposed private absolution is anywhere forthcoming. The whole tone of the early writers who discuss the question of penance seems to connect its sacramental character with the final reconciliation and reception to Communion. The very passage just quoted from St. Ambrose sets the public penance, which could be accorded but once, upon the same footing as Baptism, but the repentance for lighter sins, with which he contrasts it, is evidently in the writer's mind of a quite subsidiary character. To our thinking it is impossible to believe that if such a momentous fact as the restoration to favour with God was the preliminary to the penitential discipline of fasting and hair-cloth, the privileged state of the penitent would not have been emphasized in language very different from that which we actually find used. It is very noteworthy, as Dom G. Morin not long ago pointed out, that, in a writer like Arnobius the Younger, of the fifth century, we find practically no allusion at all to private confession of any kind, though he has a good deal to say about the Church's power to forgive all manner of sins and about the discipline to which public penitents were subjected.¹ However, this question of the primitive relation and separate development of the *forum internum* and the *forum externum* in the Sacrament of Penance is a great deal too complicated to be dealt with here. The present writer can only affirm his conviction that the true and sound

¹ Morin, *Études, Textes, Découvertes*, I. pp. 355 and 361.

method of approach is that indicated some years ago by M. l'Abbé Boudinhon, for example, who assures us that "during the period in which solemn penance was in full vigour, there was no private sacramental penance administered by the Church."¹

The second main division of Mr. Watkins' subject, that dealing with the practice of the Western Church from A.D. 450 to A.D. 1215, is somewhat less fully treated than the earlier portion. We should perhaps be not very far wrong in conjecturing that the present high cost of printing has rendered a certain curtailment inevitable, and that the scantier selection of texts provided in Vol. II. does not necessarily imply that the topics here discussed have received less careful attention from the author. The most important and novel of the conclusions at which he arrives is the contention that the private system of penance, now universally prevalent in the Catholic Church, is of Keltic origin. For example, he says, speaking of the period from A.D. 450 to A.D. 650:

Meanwhile, apart from the rest of Christendom, there are discernible in the Irish and British monastic codes of discipline the beginnings of the momentous revolution which substituted private for public penance, and private for public reconciliation, such private reconciliation being commonly effected by a priest; and which also in the process brought about the use of recurring confession as a habit of the devout life. The practice is, however, confined so far to the inmates of monasteries and persons under monastic direction.²

Similarly, in the next section of his work, which extends from the seventh to the tenth century, Mr. Watkins further develops his theory:

It has been said that the whole English Church accepted the private system. It appears indeed that nowhere in the Church of the English did the continental system of public penance and public reconciliation by the bishop find actual observance at any time. . . . It is in England also that are found the beginnings of the practice of recurring confession as a habit of the devout life for ordinary Christians living in the world. The practice had long prevailed in monasteries throughout Christendom. For persons outside monasteries it was a new thing. . . . The first clear indication of recurring Penance as a practice prevalent and approved is to be found in the *Dialogue* of Egbert, Archbishop of York (732—766). . . . In the last

¹ See Boudinhon in the *Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature religieuses*, Vol. II. (1897), p. 334.

² Watkins, II. 537.

chapter the investigation found the Keltic or private system of Penance employed in those monasteries of the Frankish lands which were of Keltic origin and among those persons in the outside world who came within the influence of such monasteries. . . . In addition to the gradual spread of the private system from these beginnings, English missionaries and English scholars now appeared as prominent advocates of the private system.

The principal difficulty in the way of appreciating the growth of the private system of Penance is the apparent impossibility of imposing that system upon Southern Europe and more particularly upon Rome by an impulse from the North. . . . There can, however, be little reasonable question that it was precisely this which happened. The private system of Penance was in the West first employed in the Keltic Churches in the British islands, was afterwards developed in those islands by the *Penitential of Theodore* into the general practice of the Church of the English; was on the continent of Europe first strongly supported in the Frankish centres, was from the Frankish centres extended southwards; and last of all the system is found to have laid hold of the regions of the South under circumstances which remain more or less obscure.¹

Although we are, on the whole, prepared to accept this as a substantially accurate statement of the development which took place, we doubt if quite so hard and fast a line can be drawn between public and private penance as Mr. Watkins seems to postulate. Is it quite certain, to begin with, that the system of public penance never found a footing in England? No doubt Archbishop Theodore (668—690) says that "reconciliation in public has not been appointed in this province because there is also no public penance." But when this was written a century had not yet elapsed since the coming of St. Augustine, and the intervening period had been one of great disturbance. It is not safe to infer more than that public penance had not so far been properly organized in England; the very fact that Theodore declares immediately above that "the reconciliation of penitents on Maundy Thursday is only carried out by a bishop and after the completion of penance," seems to show that it was his intention to introduce such public penance as soon as practicable. In Egbert's Pontifical a form is provided for the public reconciliation of penitents and there is every reason

¹ *Ibid.* II pp. 643—645. We may note that this is also in general the view of Hauck in his *Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands*, I⁸, pp. 273 seq. Hauck's severe criticism of the theory of H. J. Schmitz's *Bussbücher* is no doubt well founded. Paul Fournier, though himself a Catholic, is hardly less uncompromising in his censure.

to believe that this solemn ceremony was carried out on Maundy Thursday in England during the eighth and later centuries just as it was all over the Continent. We wonder also whether Mr. Watkins has acquainted himself with the interesting collection of documents which were printed something more than twenty years ago by Miss Mary Bateson in the *English Historical Review*, from the volume which she calls the "Worcester Cathedral Book." These all seem to suppose the existence in England, in the tenth or eleventh century, of a *forum externum* administered by the bishop, so far as regards certain offences, in close relation with and in dependence upon the Apostolic See. Here is one such document taken almost at random:

Gregory, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to Ælfric, Bishop of the Anglo-Saxons, and our fellow presbyter, sends loving greeting and apostolic benediction. We wish to give you information concerning the bearer of this certificate (*cartula*) who has killed his own son, although not on purpose, still we have directed that for seven years he should fast three days (each week?) on bread and water, excepting only the paschal season. Let him not enter the church, nor receive the *pax*, and if he wishes to enter a monastery let him serve under the rule of the abbot, but if he refuses to do this, let him not pass two nights together in the same house, except for the case in which he should fall ill so that he cannot walk.¹

This rescript, with some other documents of similar character, all addressed to bishops, seems to us emphatically to assume the existence of some sort of public penance. The offence was surely a kind of "reserved case," in which, even after the Pope had taken cognizance of it, no priest would have been empowered to admit to Communion. The final reconciliation would no doubt have taken place with that of other penitents in the ceremony of Maundy Thursday. Whether sacramental absolution was given then, or at some earlier stage, there seems no means of deciding. This uncertainty is indeed the puzzle all through, but apart from this difficulty, which is after all only an obscure point and not a contradiction, the systems of public and private penance do not seem to us to be so mutually exclusive as Mr. Watkins apparently judges them to be. We are inclined to conjecture that Rome, while accepting in a sense the Keltic amendment of private reconciliation through the ministry of a priest,

¹ "A Worcester Cathedral Book" in *Eng. Histor. Review*, Vol. X. 1895, p. 729.

did not surrender, or allow even distant provinces to surrender, the forms of public penance altogether. These were maintained for certain offences which were either more atrocious in their character or more scandalous in their publicity. It was probably from some such compromise as this that the later discipline of reserved cases eventually developed.

We cannot, however, afford to dwell further upon this extremely perplexing problem, for we wish, before concluding, to express our sense of the service which Mr. Watkins' book has rendered to truth and to Catholic teaching by the complete refutation which it provides of many wild statements contained in Dr. H. C. Lea's much belauded work on the *History of Confession and Indulgences*. By many scholars who ought to know better, Dr. Lea has been accepted as an authority who has thoroughly investigated the sources, and whose conclusions may be regarded as relatively final. It is astonishing, for example, to find in a book printed by the Cambridge University Press, and edited by the late Dr. Augustus Jessopp and Dr. Montague Rhodes James, such statements as the following, confessedly founded on Dr. Lea:

When Thomas of Monmouth wrote (between 1172 and 1180) auricular confession had not been made obligatory, nor had the indicative formula of absolution been introduced into the Church. . . . Slowly, very slowly, the general confession of guiltiness and sinfulness in which a whole congregation joined audibly, developed into the private confession to a priest, and this was first imposed upon all the faithful by the Lateran Council of 1216. . . . In the twelfth century the duties of the office of confessor did not consist in extorting secrets from the penitent or in giving absolution, even in the precatory form.¹

Such statements as these have only to be confronted with the sources and with the explanatory portion of Mr. Watkins' valuable treatise to be estimated at their true value. In England, at any rate, as we might infer from Alcuin and other early authorities, confession was insisted on in the eighth century, and in the time of Charlemagne, priests on the Continent were required precisely "to extort secrets from the penitent." Even the English poet Cynewulf could write in the latter half of the eighth century—he is speaking of the wicked at the Day of Judgment:

¹ Thomas of Monmouth, *The Life and Miracles of St. William of Norwich*, Introduction. Much of this preposterous travesty of history is repeated in Dr. Jessopp's *Penny History of the Church of England*, p. 51.

There they abashed, o'erwhelmed with ignominy
 Shall wander giddily, bearing their evil deeds,
 The burden of their sins, whilst all folks gaze.
 'Twere better for them had they erst felt shame
 For each base deed and each transgression,
 For all their evil works, before one man,
 Telling God's servant that too well they knew
 Ill deeds within them. The confessor cannot look
 Through the flesh into the soul, whether a man
 Telleth truth or lie, when he his sins avoweth.
 Nathless a wight can heal each noxious ill
 Each unclean sin, if he tell it but to one;
 And none may there conceal, on that stern day,
 Guilt unamended; multitudes shall see it.¹

The simple fact that in Anglo-Saxon the ordinary name for a parish was *scrift-scir*, i.e., confession-district, bears witness to the prevalence of auricular confession in England long before the Norman Conquest. The absolution, too, was there, although it seems probable that it was in many cases left to the bishop on Maundy Thursday. At any rate, at the close of the eleventh century we find Bishop Herbert Losinga of Norwich telling his flock in a sermon:

Prepare yourselves, therefore, diligently for our absolution, dearly beloved brethren, by taking knowledge of your sins, by repenting of them, by confessing them, by abstaining from them, since none save the penitent are absolved from their sins, nor do any earn remission of sins, save they who have disclosed the same in all their filthiness.²

We will only note, in conclusion, that Mr. Watkins, possibly for lack of space, says little or nothing about what we may call the theology of the Sacrament of Penance. His discussion, for example, of the teaching of Gratian and Peter Lombard is clearly inadequate. This omission, however, is the less to be regretted because in the last number of the now happily resuscitated *Revue d'Histoire ecclésiastique* of Louvain University, Father Debil has concluded his admirable study of "the First Distinction of the *De Pœnitentia* of Gratian." Indeed, the literature recently produced regarding the views held of the Sacrament of Penance in the twelfth century is becoming very ample, thanks to the contributions of such writers as Grabmann, de Ghellinck, Raymond Martin, Hugueny, and others.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Cynewulf's *Crist*, Gollancz's translation, ll. 1297—1311.

² Goulburn, *Herbert of Losinga, his Life and Writings*. Vol. II. p. 107. Cf. Ælfric, *Homilies* (Thorpe) II. 605, and Liebermann, *Gesetze der Angelsachsen*.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMETHING DONE.¹

WHEN the National Catholic Congress was started years ago it was fondly thought that its activities would prove of sufficient interest to the Catholic body to make their publication in book form a financial success. Accordingly, the work done and the papers read at the First (Leeds) Congress of 1910 were reproduced by Messrs. Sands and Co. in a large and handsome volume. But the Catholic body, even in those comparatively opulent pre-war days, when publication was cheap and money had its normal purchasing power, did not care enough for the Leeds Congress to buy its Report in sufficient numbers, and so the experiment has not been repeated. That, at least, is our diagnosis of the facts, but, whatever the cause, the result is to our loss, for it is only by comparing, year by year, the aims and achievements of Catholic workers for the Faith that a true estimate of our status and progress can best be made. If each yearly survey of efforts and ideals passes into oblivion, there is little chance of that persistency of aim which is necessary for success, and there is every prospect of perpetuating that barren round of half-realized or abortive plans, that overlapping and waste of energy, that actual conflict of rival schemes, which has so paralysed our work for the Church in the past. Last month we were lamenting the inaction which has succeeded the great display of enthusiasm manifested at the Liverpool Congress, and we endeavoured to recall the ideals and the needs to which that gathering gave prominence. But whilst we were writing, so was the Catholic Social Guild, at much greater length and to much more effective purpose. Impressed by the necessity of reviving and preserving, directing and stimulating the forces in evidence at the Congress, and realizing that some sort of handy and permanent record of their activities was essential to this end, the Guild had the happy thought of devoting its *Year Book for 1921* to that purpose. The result is that the Catholic public herein have before them a memorial of what was done and what was planned by the

¹ *The Catholic Social Year Book for 1921* : C.S.G., Oxford, 1s. 6d. net.

assembled Catholic organizations at Liverpool, carefully digested and classified under separate headings, so that he who runs may read where exactly we stand and what precisely we must aim at, if we are to be worthy of the Catholic name. For, with earnest and zealous men and women, knowledge of defects is not only a prerequisite, but also a stimulus to making them good.

The compilers of the *Year Book* (we fancy there was only one compiler, and that the Guild Secretary), after pointing out that the National Congress can never hope to be completely representative of the Catholic organizations of the country, if only because these are in many cases strictly parochial or entirely ecclesiastical, calls attention to various bodies which might have been, but were not represented there, notably the Temperance associations and those connected with the Scout-movement and the provision of Retreats for Lay-folk. Then they wisely determine, in spite of there being so much to praise, to "waste no words on congratulation, but rather to address ourselves to the task of pointing out faults and discussing improvements." That was the necessary though uncongenial rôle which we ourselves assumed in THE MONTH, and we are correspondingly glad to have associated with us in that task an agency which reaches a far wider public.

The criticism is conveyed in a very able Introductory Essay, which occupies over a third of the whole book, and it emphasizes the two points to which we ourselves called attention, the necessity for closer and more real Catholic Unity and more effective Catholic Propaganda. On the Federation question a number of valuable suggestions are made, the most valuable being that, as it is continuous exercise that keeps a body in health, so the various Federations will flourish only in proportion as they are active, progressive and aggressive. Until the society around us is restored to Christianity there is abundance of work to do. The education question and the attack on religion and parental rights, the Divorce question and the attack upon the Christian family—these alone, being only occasional and spasmodic in their manifestations, do not afford enough fighting to justify the maintenance of a standing army. But whilst public life is so corrupt, whilst social habits are so tainted with immorality, whilst industrialism so reeks with injustice, whilst international dealings so commonly ignore God's law in favour

of self-interest, who can say there is no work for organized Catholic opinion to undertake. We are so used to the corruption around us that we have forgotten that our function as Christians is to react vigorously against it, as the leaven does in the dough; we have forgotten that the attributes, "light of the world" and "salt of the earth," are not honorific titles, meant to minister to self-complacency, but betoken wonderful privileges and grave responsibilities. The duty of Catholics in a pagan community is not confined to their individual salvation: rather, they will not succeed in saving themselves if they neglect at least to attempt to save their neighbour.

Given an active Federation or C.Y.M.S. in each parish or diocese, and given in each what is equally essential, a genuine Catholic spirit, devoid of "corporate pride, egotism and selfishness," their union for common purposes should be a matter of comparatively easy arrangement. Various ways are suggested in the *Year Book*, and particular attention is paid to the great women's organization, the C.W.L., which the author rightly thinks should be an integral part of any Confederation.

The second great need of Catholicism in this country, co-ordinated Catholic propaganda, is treated somewhat more summarily, but the *Year Book* rightly emphasizes the increasingly important part the laity are called upon to play in the actual Apostolate of the Word, both because of the comparative dearth of priests and because the non-Catholic multitudes can often be more easily reached by the ministrations of lay-folk. It is also want of proper propaganda amongst our own body that leads to the appalling "leakage" from the Church of those whose faith is too weak to withstand without special help the influences of evil and error around them. The *Year Book* stresses the need of making a national effort to utilize every method of After-Care.

After this thoughtful and stimulating essay follows the Record proper of the Congress. To present the immense amount of matter in an easily intelligible form, it is classified under five main heads—Foreign Missions, Propaganda at Home, Organization, Sanctification and Charity, and, finally, Social Action and Education. A list is given of the papers read and addresses delivered in furtherance of each of these objects, followed by a fairly full summary of them. In this way much valuable matter for constant reference and inspira-

tion is preserved. The reader gains a clear view of what has been done and what remains to be done, and thus has the knowledge needful for the exercise of prudent zeal. And thus the good accomplished and the enthusiasm generated at the Congress has some chance of being perpetuated, and our next Congress may be able to record a notable advance all along the line. All who are interested in the promotion of God's Kingdom in this country should possess themselves of this book and do their best to disseminate it far and wide.

J. K.

A SOUTH AMERICAN LIMPIAS.

THROUGH the great kindness of M. l'Abbé Gillet, Curé de Landricourt, Marne, our attention has been called to another rather remarkable example of collective hallucination in modern times, the story in this case coming all the way from Quito, the capital of the Republic of Ecuador. A full account of the incident was published in the Spanish periodical, *Razón y Fe*, in the number for October, 1906, the article being accompanied with a photographic reproduction of the oleograph picture of Our Lady of Seven Dolours, in which the "miraculous" manifestation was witnessed. We cannot do better than translate with some slight curtailments the statement of facts given in the article. Padre Sanvicente, the writer, was himself a professor in the Jesuit College in which the incident took place. It happened on April 20, 1906, just after eight o'clock in the evening, while some thirty or forty boarders, most of them boys of from ten to twelve years of age, were taking recreation after supper. It appears that three of the youngest, rather exceptionally pious lads, who had made their first communion only a week before, were standing near the picture—

when they observed to their great surprise and alarm that the Madonna, there depicted, was gently opening and closing her eyes. Two of them at once fell on their knees and began to pray, but the third ran off to the Jesuit Prefect, who was talking in another part of the room, to tell him what had happened. This Father, whose name was Andrew Roesch, thought the boy was making fun of him and rebuked him rather severely, threatening him with some light punishment; but soon others came up and confirmed the story. Then the Father turned to look at the object which had caused this excitement, and he could hardly credit

what he saw, indeed what they all saw, believing that he must be the victim of some optical illusion. He changed his place, took notice of the position of the electric lights, looked to see if anything could affect his view of the picture, but could find nothing which in any way supplied a satisfactory explanation. Meanwhile the boys, grouped around the Father Prefect and the assistant prefect who was also present, followed with awe and bewilderment the movement of the eyes, clung to each other, and with their gaze riveted on the countenance of the Madonna, could not restrain themselves, as they watched the anguish expressed in the face, the pallor of its hue and the movement of the pupils, from crying out simultaneously in hushed voices: "Now she is opening . . . now she is shutting her eyes; . . . now she is opening the right eye . . . now it is the left." Some of the servants, who had been busy with their work in an adjoining room, also came to swell the throng, and they too, like the rest, observed the phenomenon, which went on repeating itself for a quarter of an hour.

The Father Prefect, still unwilling to encourage anything which might be deemed superstitious or extravagant, cautioned the boys against speaking of what had happened to those outside, but he might as well have tried to stem a torrent. When the day-scholars came next morning, they, of course, all heard the stupendous news, and when they returned to their homes for the midday meal it was spread all over Quito. The Archiepiscopal See was at this moment vacant, and the diocese was being administered by the Vicar Capitular, Dr. Ulpiano Perez Quiñones. Representations were made to him by many of the citizens who were convinced of the reality of the occurrence, urging him to hold an official inquiry. Five days afterwards, *i.e.*, on April 25th, the Vicar Capitular accordingly issued a formal injunction that the picture should no longer be exposed in public, and that no account of the incident should be allowed to appear in the public press until the matter had been properly investigated. On the 27th he came himself to the College with his secretary and the diocesan notary, and there he summoned before him, in the study hall, the 35 boys who had been the witnesses of the occurrence (two in the meanwhile had fallen ill and could not be present), together with the two Jesuit Fathers concerned.

Then [we are told] after impressing upon them the necessity of describing with simple truth exactly what they had seen on

the evening in question, he made them all sit down, and there, in his presence, without any communication with one another, write down, each of them separately, his account of the occurrence. He also on the same occasion took down in writing the depositions of the servants, which they made upon oath. The result of this inquiry was found to be that forty witnesses bore uniform testimony to the miracle without any sort of vacillation. Only one of the boys, a lad of twelve, whose early education had been defective, returned an answer which was in any respect unsatisfactory, although even he in no way contradicted the statements of the rest. In most of the depositions the defective literary form of the accounts given, as might well be expected of children of only ten or twelve, stood out in sharp contrast with the simplicity and sincerity with which they bore witness to the reality of the facts in themselves.

The evidence having been thus obtained, a Commission was nominated to consider and report upon the facts. No representative of the College, or of the Jesuit Order, was included, but the members, most of them Canons or theologians of the secular and regular clergy, appointed other sub-committees of doctors and laymen to examine into the mental state of the pupils who had given evidence, to put them upon their oath with regard to the facts, and to examine the picture and the room where the manifestations occurred. In the end a formal report was drawn up, and this was printed as an appendix to the official pronouncement of the Vicar Capitular. From the text of this last document, which is reproduced entire in *Razón y Fe*, we may learn that the Vicar Capitular, after canonical inquiry, formally declares (1) that the fact of the manifestation, as above described, is authentic; (2) that it cannot be explained by any natural law; (3) that it cannot be attributed to any diabolic influence, and consequently, (4) that the miracle is humanly credible, and that the picture may be exposed for public veneration.

Like so many other experiences of the same kind, the incident, apart from any supernatural interpretation we may put upon it, deserves to be recorded for its psychological interest.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**Hopes and
Fears.**

He would be a poor Christian who should ever despair of the world. The world is in the hands of God, and, in spite of human ignorance and perversity, it is accomplishing the whole of God's design. But God's design is at present inscrutable, and, although the fact of His minute supervision and providence is certain with the certainty of divine faith, still how He brings good out of evil and accomplishes His will in all things He leaves altogether obscure as a test of our trust in Him. Accordingly on the threshold of 1921, with a world-prospect before him more evil and chaotic than it was at the height of the war, for then there was still some idealism, some unselfishness, in the minds of men, the Christian is sorrowful but hopeful as well. It is true that the old international hatred and mistrust between Governments are still alive, and that in each nation the old warfare between the rich and the needy has revived, and so it would seem that the main lesson of the war has been ignored, yet for all that the avarice of the mammon-worshipper, the luxury of the pleasure-worshipper, the pride of the imperialist, the worshipper of power, meet with a wider and sterner condemnation from the public conscience than before 1914. There are multitudes who are determined not to acquiesce in a return to the old corruption which had its fearful issue in war, multitudes becoming better organized and more vocal politically and only wanting Christian leadership to achieve a reassertion of Christian civilization. God will second their efforts if they are faithful and courageous, but He will not save them if through apathy and ignorance they fail. He does not need them although they need Him. So the Christian will be stimulated by the sad spectacle of the world's corruption to co-operate with God in applying to the patient the divine remedies of justice and charity. He will love truth and justice more than self-interest: he will practise charity knowing that the world is fallen and needs patience and forbearance.

**Preparation
for War.**

It certainly needs the robust charity of the Christian to face the international situation with patience and forbearance. The world States, the vanquished nations and the victors alike, are bleeding from countless war-wounds, utterly unable to regain their health until peace is thoroughly and universally re-established. Yet without exception the Governments of these States are thinking of war, preparing for war, in some cases

actually waging war. No one has stigmatized the suicidal folly of such a course with more eloquence than Mr. Lloyd George, yet his Government is spending £287,241,000 a year on its fighting forces. On December 22nd the Prime Minister declared categorically—"There will be no real peace so long as there is competition in armaments. The terrible race for [superiority in] armaments has had more to do with the war than almost any other individual cause." And then he went on to point out the obvious fact that decrease of armaments cannot take place unless it is universal and proportionate. "Nations cannot take the risk of disarmament before they know that other nations are doing the same." It is always behind this particular *impasse* that your statesman who does not mean to *do* anything retires. The difficulty of securing unanimity amongst the forty or fifty States of the world is tacitly supposed to be so great as to preclude any chance of success, and so the mad folly of precipitating war by preparing for it, bleeding each succeeding generation financially until the generation comes which has to bleed literally as well, must needs go on. This is what is called statesmanship.

**The Real
Cause
of War.**

Instead of realizing the fact that the nations really concerned are relatively few—practically only Great Britain, France, America, and Japan: all associates in the war—and that the *peoples* of those States have no desire to fight each other but only to hold friendly human intercourse, our leaders consult only their fears, and on the assumption that our present friends are merely waiting for a chance to attack us go on with their colossal war-mongering. If those four nations really wanted peace, they could secure it to-morrow. Why do they not? What are the seeds of war, now that dynastic quarrels are happily impossible, and religion is not thought worth fighting about, and racial antagonism, at least between whites, is no longer the blind instinct it was? They are wholly economic. The nations fight because *some* of their citizens want more of the goods of this earth than they can obtain by peaceful competition. The Governments of the nations are mainly in the hands or under the influence of the big traders, who are persuaded that their personal prosperity is identified with that of the nation as a whole. And so policy is determined mainly by the interests of money-making, and, as trade is still conducted on a basis of competition, there is always the temptation present to secure exclusive markets. There can be little doubt, for instance, that it is not merely zeal for the civilization of the Arabs that moves the Government to occupy Mesopotamia at enormous expense. Everyone knows that British commercial interests wanted to secure a predominant share in the Mosul oil-fields. We are told rightly enough that military expenditure must follow world policy and

be determined by the nation's "commitments." The War-Minister has thus an easy answer to every critic: his business is to defend and support the nation's interests. But the nation has not much to say to the policy that calls for such colossal military expenditure. Is it fair that the general taxpayer should be bled that a few rich men or firms should grow richer still?

**Christian
Solution to a
Pagan Problem.**

But supposing that wealth were more equitably distributed, and that not merely certain classes but the whole nation stood to be benefited by capturing markets and tapping exclusive sources of raw material. Would not the chances of war be thereby increased? The honest inquirer must face that objection. No increase in the diffusion of material prosperity will avert international conflict, unless the common interests of humanity are regarded as something higher than mere national advantage. And until men are viewed as God's creatures and, therefore, members of one family, united with their common Father by a bond far closer than that which binds them with their country, that sense of human brotherhood and solidarity will not easily come into play. The earth belongs to the race as a whole, and, rightly used, provides abundance for all. At once the materialist, full of the ill-digested theories of Malthus, will urge the old bogey of the increase of population threatening certain portions with starvation unless they migrate or are thinned out. The "Yellow Peril" is precisely the possible overflow of the Chinese and Japanese into Europe and America owing to excessive pressure on the means of sustenance at home. And the eugenicist will add that, until his birth-restrictive doctrines become common, war is inevitable to prevent the globe from being over-populated. The answer of the Christian to these pagan objections is precisely his belief in the action of God's providence. It is inconceivable to him that an all-wise and all-good and all-powerful Creator should allow a desperate condition of affairs to arise on earth which should *necessitate* periodic wars or famines or epidemics as means of readjustment. There must be some other method, whether by increased cultivation or better distribution of the product, of enabling His creatures to live human lives. It may be that long before the earth is really over-populated, which of course is theoretically possible, terrestrial life may itself come to an end. Anyhow, the creature's duty is to be just and honest and to beware of covetousness which, unless kept in control, is in truth the root of all evil, especially the evil of war.

The materialist may have cause for panic, or confused thinkers, like Mr. Wells, who imagine God to be a finite Being, well-meaning but not omnipotent. But the Christian firmly established in faith and hope, knows that no disaster can follow the exact observance of the moral law.

**The League
Assembly and
Disarmament.**

The first session of the Assembly of the League of Nations, which lasted from Nov. 15th to Dec. 18th, has come to an end. As was to be expected its enemies—the Internationalists of the *Daily Herald*, the militarists of the *Morning Post*, the pessimists everywhere—have argued from its present academic ineffectiveness to the impracticability of its ideal, and are busy in singing its dirge. And certainly in many of its reported decisions, this first session gives grounds for cynicism, in none more than in the fact that on the vital question of disarmament nothing stronger was advanced than a mere "recommendation" (*vœu*) that military budgets should not be increased for the next two years; a perfectly futile suggestion to which, even so, France and six other lesser powers objected. Thus the Assembly, which is supposed to represent the democratic element in the League, shows so little perception of the wants of the world's democracies as to pass over, in this singularly feeble manner, a subject which is at the moment the very centre of the world's difficulties. Moreover, no attempt was made to condemn or control the private commerce in arms, to which was largely due the continuance of war in Eastern and South-Eastern Europe after the Armistice. As long as weapons of destruction can be made for private profit, means will be found of bringing about their employment. The trade is a pernicious one and should be abolished by international consent. Already, under the Versailles treaty, the great firm of Krupp at Essen, once a plague spot of militarism, has been wholly transformed into a manufactory of articles of peaceful commerce, and is prospering wonderfully by the change. The workers need not fear unemployment whenever the manufacture of weapons of war is curtailed. And until it is, by being wholly nationalized and brought under the League of Nations, Mammon and Mars combined will see to it that it flourishes and increases.

**America
and
The League.**

Although the Allied Powers decided that, in the new world order which the Peace was to inaugurate, a Great Power might well be content with an army of 100,000 men, and forthwith insisted on Germany, a State containing 65,000,000 people, reducing her army to that standard figure, little has yet been done to realize the hopes that were then held out that all the other civilized powers would ultimately conform to that standard. As a natural consequence, Germany shows signs of marking time in her army reduction: and the Assembly's *vœu* is not likely to stimulate her. Meanwhile, the "next war" seems to be dominating more and more the minds of our statesmen. Notwithstanding the declaration of the Council that the League "could not legitimize the use of poison gas and must seek means to

prevent its manufacture," the British War Office, because, as the Prime Minister said, "other countries are developing this mode of warfare," has appointed a Committee, the functions of which are "the development to the utmost extent of both the offensive and defensive aspects of chemical warfare." The "other nations" of the Premier obviously referred to the United States, which is still outside the League, and seems resolved to act on the old principle that national strength alone can give security. In addition to experiments in poison gas, the American Government, through Secretary Daniels, has launched a programme of naval construction which avowedly aims at making the United States the chief naval Power in the world. Of course, if force is still to rule international relations, no one can complain of any Power trying to acquire for itself the maximum of force. In any lawless community the safest man is he who carries most lethal weapons and can use them quickest. Are the nations to continue this barbarous and suicidal policy? Mr. Secretary Daniels, asked to declare in conjunction with other seafaring Powers a "naval holiday" for five years or so, could make no effective reply to that most reasonable proposition; which goes to show, what some critics allege, that his vast programme of naval expenditure is designed to prove to the American people what the cost is of "splendid isolation," and thus hasten the entry of America into the League.

**Navies
at the service of
Commerce.**

This impression is deepened by the highly interesting discussion going on in *The Times* between various naval experts about the comparative value of big and small ships, and of surface vessels and submarines, from which discussion emerges at least the fact that to spend money on any one type would be to risk a vast amount of waste. The doctors in this case disagree profoundly on the most fundamental points. Consequently, we are assured by Government that no great expenditure will be authorized until some measure of agreement is reached. But meanwhile Japan and America may be getting the start of us, being willing apparently to risk their millions on battleships, which air-craft and submarines may render useless. Yet now that the German fleet no longer exists, why this feverish haste to assert naval dominance? Because a commercial war is going on, and, in default of an international authority to ration and distribute the world's raw materials, especially the oil supplies, it must needs go on. So little does justice and fair-dealing enter into such a conflict that the competitors cannot push their claims without powerful naval backing. If only the naval officers, retired and active, who dispute in *The Times*, and statesmen generally, would devote their brains to thrashing out

a scheme for co-operating instead of competing in trade, and so doing without navies altogether, how much more sensibly employed they would be!

Meanwhile there is a world of difference between pointing out the weakness and inadequacy of the League as at present constituted—the more that is insisted on the better the chance of improving it,—and opposing in the interests of a misguided nationalism the whole idea of a Covenant of Peace. Catholics should devote themselves definitely and intelligently to the former course; united on this point, the members of the Church have the power of making the League a success and thus to some extent fulfilling the ideal of Christianity. It will at best be an uphill task, opposed, not only on principle by the militarist but through apathy and blindness by the average unthinking man. What the difficulties are was illustrated during the Assembly by the fatuous conduct of a petty South American Power. The action of Argentina in withdrawing from the League because the consideration of some suggestions it made was deferred, shows an almost inconceivable selfishness and narrowness of outlook.

**King
Constantine's
Return.**

The astonishment which the results of the Greek elections caused in this country is a measure of the inadequacy of our press service in regard to affairs in Greece. We were led to suppose that the Prime Minister, Venizelos, who, more than any other man, kept his countrymen from siding against the Allies during the war, was a popular idol whose position in the favour of the people was quite secure. Yet the polls left him with hardly any following, and King Constantine, although deposed by the Allies, has been welcomed back to Athens amidst the greatest popular enthusiasm. Greece, it would seem, is in no mood to be dictated to by the Allies. She claims enough self-determination to select her own ruler, and, although her interest lies in being friendly with the victorious Powers, she is willing to risk their hostility rather than allow interference with her domestic politics. In this we conceive she is right. After all, King Constantine, so long as he took no active steps against the Allies, could not be said to be exceeding his rights in expressing pro-German sympathies. What was plain to us may not have been plain to him. The unthinking patriot is too apt to assume that all other nations must love and admire his country, and is too little concerned to see that his country be worthy of love and admiration. We can only hope that the result of their spirited action on the part of the Greeks will not lead to giving the infamous Turk a new foothold in Europe by a revision of the treaty of Sevres.

**Should the Soviet
Government
be Recognized?**

We believe that at the moment Russia is actually at peace. All the border States have concluded treaties, and all internal enemies have been overcome. It now remains to be seen how long Bolshevism, materialistic in essence and incapable, therefore, of either formulating or practising true principles of morality, will be able to endure. The active Bolsheviks number only a few hundred thousands, and the people they rule over, even excluding the dozen or so independent Russian republics, amount to more than 200,000,000. It is not in the nature of things that a tyranny, which by banishing religion opposes one of the primary needs of human nature, and by establishing communism, contradicts the most fundamental of human desires, will be able to maintain itself for long against such a weight of passive resistance. The atheistic French Terror, full though it was of humanitarian impulses, had no principle of vitality. With the disappearance of the present able leaders—and what more precarious than the life of a despot?—much of their work will necessarily disappear, and a return to normal forms of government, not we trust to the Tzarist autocracy, may be expected. Meanwhile, as we have always contended, Bolshevism will disappear more speedily in peace than in war. It thrives on warfare and on war's abolition of civil rights. For this reason we think peace should be immediately made with Soviet Russia; or rather, since there has never been, technically, war, that the Government of Lenin and Trotsky should be provisionally recognized. We have no fear of the Bolsheviks corrupting Christian Europe. Their doctrines will stand and fall by their intrinsic truth and reasonableness. Their atheistic propaganda will not prevail over Christian teaching, that is provided their opponents *are* practical Christians. The best way to fight falsehood is to promulgate truth. But the Christian Governments cannot have it both ways: they must not lie and thief like pagans, and confine themselves to mere verbal advocacy of justice. Otherwise they will provide the Bolsheviks with deadly arguments against themselves.

**What prevents
Trade
with Russia?**

It has been owned, both by Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Robert Horne, that the closing of the Russian market owing to our unwillingness to seem to recognize the Bolshevik Government is one main cause of unemployment, over-production, trade-stagnation, and industrial trouble generally. Why then has not trade with Russia been long ago reopened? Desire to overthrow Bolshevism by force, fear of stabilizing it by condonation, and hopes of recovering the enormous sums contributed by Western financiers to Tzarist Russia have combined to recommend this

unfortunate policy. Even yet there are delays, whilst the volume of misery at home constantly grows and other countries are busily securing Russian trade. We must presume that our statesmen see this clearly, and that, therefore, some proportionately great disadvantage would result from the resumption of full trade relations. But we think the nation is entitled to know what the obstacle is. As long as the main lines of the country's foreign policy are still shrouded in secrecy the suspicion is sure to grow that the interests of the ignorant and impotent many are being sacrificed to those of the powerful few "in the know." The influence of the financier in all modern Governments has come to be assumed as so much a matter of course that Governments should take especial pains to show that their hands are clean.

**Unemployment
Widespread and
Growing.**

Meanwhile the crisis of unemployment is upon us, and it is no consolation to be assured by the Prime Minister that it has not yet reached the percentage which marked the "bad times" of 1908. For the cost of living was then normal and the men who suffered had not recently been through the unparalleled sacrifices of the Great War. It is estimated that about a million workers, registered and unregistered, are out of work, and their dependents number some three million more. Vacant premises and public buildings have been seized by the homeless in various parts of the country: from that the step is no long one to the seizure of premises containing goods. The Government plead, reasonably enough, that imperial taxation has already reached breaking-point. It has declared all unemployed eligible for the maintenance dole without any previous contributions, but that does not lessen unemployment, which is growing by tens of thousands every week. On the other hand, money is being spent very freely, as is common at this time of the year, on mere luxuries, and, what makes it harder for the destitute, this luxury-spending is flaunted before their eyes in the gay shop windows and crowded stores. One cannot help feeling that there is much that is wrong with an economic system which produces these seemingly inevitable contrasts. "Stabilize industry!" cries the Premier. "You might as well talk of stabilizing the sea." In other words, there *must* be, under the capitalist and wage system, these alternate waves of prosperity and depression. Mr. George's despairing phrase will be echoed by the Socialist, with the comment that if two thousand years of civilization have only succeeded in evolving a wage system which necessitates permanent insecurity and periodic starvation for so many of the workers, civilization itself has gone astray, for that system is intrinsically rotten. Meanwhile, many industries, like the building trade, are

languishing for want of labour, many employers are reducing production to keep up prices, and this, together with the refusal of the Unions in spite of the crisis to modify their rules regarding output and dilution, shows to what selfish and un-Christian conditions the world of industry is reduced.

**Government
Expenditure and
Unemployment.**

Unemployment and consequent destitution are causing men to question closely the expenditure to which Government is committed, which is between five and six times more than it was before the war. The Labour men call out for retrenchment in military outlay, pointing to the hundred millions that were wasted in Russian enterprises and to the present huge expenditure in Mesopotamia: the anti-Socialists demand the postponement at least of the provision for the health and better education of the masses. The ordinary citizen will agree that this is no time for unnecessary expenditure in any direction, that reform at home is more pressing than adventures abroad, and that reform must begin with material conditions of decent life. The chief duty of Government is to secure the welfare of the citizens, especially of those who are weak and helpless, and it should, therefore, regulate its expenditure so as to retain enough funds for this main object. The problem is how to distribute better the country's wealth, so that all should have something and no one too much, and how to keep the thousands of wage-slaves from destitution in the meantime. The first charge on the wealth of a country is the welfare of its inhabitants. The solution known as the "servile state," the body of workers maintained in assured health and comfort at the price of their human liberty and dignity, is still the only solution which the authorities have considered. Industry could of course be stabilized by a return to slavery. This solution is one which a large number of workers themselves, dehumanized by a life-long struggle against want, would welcome, but it is one which is directly contrary to the Christian ideal as constantly enunciated by the Popes.

**"The Christian
Democrat."**

In strong contrast to the despair of the politician is the spirit which animates the first number of the monthly journal, *The Christian Democrat* (C.S.G., 2d. monthly; 2s. 6d. per annum), which the C.S.G. has just inaugurated. There we see war declared against mere Mammon-worship, which results in the division of society into exploiters and exploited, and a sane and plain programme of social betterment set forth, founded on human dignity and Christian principles. The safe-guarding of the institution of the Family against State-interference and the practice of divorce is the first item of this programme, and then

follow the establishment of a Living Wage, to take precedence of profits or rent, the substitution of partnership for class antagonism in industry, and the wider and more equitable diffusion of property, as the basis of family life and individual freedom. The standpoint is thus definitely and constructively Christian, and the criticism applied to current industrial policies and practices is thoroughly anti-materialistic. The distribution of this little monthly amongst the workers should do much to restore the Christian ideal to economics, and we trust our readers who are interested in the application of the Faith to the problems of the day will both read and spread *The Christian Democrat*.

**The Influence
of the
Vatican.**

Our papers have reported fully the discussions which preceded the restoration of official relations between France and the Vatican, a restoration voted by a large majority of the Chamber on November 30th. This result is a triumph for common sense as well as for common courtesy. The Vatican is a fact which affects the whole world, and the proper way of dealing with facts which concern one is to recognize and accommodate oneself to them, not to ignore them. Individuals may forget the existence of the Catholic Church but Governments cannot. Yet the international influence of the Vatican is not political but moral: it arises from the willing acceptance by a large proportion of mankind of the system of belief and conduct which is taught by the Church. If Catholics everywhere act in concert in regard to certain questions, it is not because a *mot d'ordre* has issued from Rome directing their action; it is because of their identical knowledge of what is right brought home to them by their faith. It is obedience to "God's aboriginal vice-gerent," conscience, that decides their conduct, and in this they are followed by every upright God-fearing man. Dr. Clifford defies the Government on occasion at the dictation of his Nonconformist conscience, which he has carefully trained by a study of the Bible, regarded by him as the ultimate rule of faith. The Catholic on occasion is prepared to do the same in obedience to conscience, but conscience in his case is trained and informed, not by an ambiguous though inspired book, but more reasonably by the living authority of God's Church. In the upshot Dr. Clifford obeys Dr. Clifford, even when he happens to be objectively right, whilst the Catholic obeys the Voice of God. The fact that others do not recognize in the Church a divinely-appointed guide to conscience cannot convict the Catholic of unreasonableness: given his belief he is supremely rational. Therefore, a gentleman who writes from Barcelona to *The Times*,¹ Mr. H. S. Garratt, Secretary of the British Chamber of Commerce for Spain, goes beyond his

¹ Dec. 1, 1920.

warrant when he says: "One of the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion is that they [*sic*] shall blindly accept without question what is told them by the episcopacy." Any Catholic child will tell Mr. Garratt that only the Pope under certain very limited conditions, and a General Council in conjunction with the Pope, can issue definitions which must be blindly accepted without question.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Heresy, St. Augustine's Ideas upon [J. de Guibert in *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclésiastique*, Nov.—Dec., 1920, p. 368].

Pagan Adults and Salvation [Card. Billot in *Etudes*, Dec. 5—20, 1920, p. 515].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Catholicism in Central America [J. Miglia in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec., 1920, p. 642].

Confession, An Anglican History of [H. Thurston, S.J. in *Month*, Jan., 1921, p. 44].

Lambeth Conference, Mgr. Batiffol and Fr. L. Walker on [*Revue des Jeunes*, Dec. 10, 1920, p. 507].

Protestant Aggression [*C. B. N.*, Dec., 1920, p. 232].

Quebec, Canada's Sanest Province [P. W. Browne in *America*, Dec. 11, 1920, p. 173].

Wells' Outlines of History, Footnotes to [F. H. W. in *The Sower*, Dec., 1920, p. 108].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Catholic Prospects in Czecho-Slovakia [H. J. Wright, Ph.D., in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1920, p. 346]. Facts about the Czech Schism [E. Christitch in *America*, Nov. 20, 1920, p. 101].

Christmas Crib: The Origins of [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Tablet*, Dec. 25, 1920, p. 853].

Colour Question in U.S.A.: a Solution [W. M. Markoe, S.J., in *America*, Nov. 27, 1920, p. 125].

France and Vatican: resumption of relations [*Tablet*, Dec. 4, 1920, p. 732].

Industrial Equity, A Plan of [F. J. Yealy, S.J., in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1920, p. 354].

Italian Catholic Women [F. A. Palmieri, O.S.A., in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1920, p. 362].

League of Nations, Merits and Faults of [Yves de la Brière in *Etudes*, Dec. 5—20, 1920, p. 610].

Slavery in Africa, Return to [R. Keable in *Blackfriars*, Dec., 1920, p. 530].

REVIEWS

I—A PROTESTANT VIEW OF GOSPEL CREDIBILITY¹

CANON NAIRNE gave the Hulsean Lectures at Cambridge in 1919-20. This book is said, in its short Preface, to represent them, but it is not exactly a republication of their text, for it was begun before his appointment to the lectureship, and though the first four chapters of the book correspond with the four Hulsean Lectures in title, their book form differs in language, and even in some degrees in ideas, from the lectures as they were given orally. Evidently these being the conditions, the author's own claim that they "represent" the lectures of 1919-20 is that which best describes the relation between the two. In a kindred sense, another warning given in the Preface states the relation in which the book stands to the "Faith of the New Testament" which it bears as its title; for the author's idea is that, if we wish to ascertain what the Faith of the New Testament is, instead of taking the teaching of the early Church, or even that of Apostolic times, as supplying an authentic interpretation of the teaching of the Gospel, we should regard these Apostolic writings as documents not altogether free from the suspicion of having unwittingly but inevitably imported later and less authentic elements into the record of our Lord's teaching and order of administration.

The Preface also cites some words recently spoken in his college chapel by the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge:

To-day that preacher said we are learning new reverence, reverence towards God and towards men; and reverence for creeds we do not share. We shall slight no man for his nonconformity. We are passing beyond form and dogma. We look back—back beyond reformation, beyond councils of the church, beyond the doctors, beyond the great figure of Paul himself, and in the simple Gospel that was preached and understood in Galilee itself we shall find a peace when all our warring sects may rest.

¹ *The Faith of the New Testament.* By Alexander Nairne, D.D. London: Longmans and Co. Pp. x. 235. Price, 6s. net. 1920.

Canon Nairne, we must acknowledge, does not wholly assent to this position. As he puts it,

the Galilean disciples could not be thus content. Their Lord claimed nothing for Himself. They found themselves constrained to render all to Him because they found that from Him they drew all. No one of set purpose developed doctrine. . . . as life went on they learnt more certainly that He was the fount of their living, the light of all their seeing, their Saviour. My Lord and my God: they could not but say it. But if they said it, they must say it reverently and honestly; they could not but learn theory.

This, if we understood him correctly, as we fancy we do, means that all in the New Testament that lies outside the "Galilean Gospel," though substantially, and perhaps somewhat more than substantially, in keeping with the pronouncements of the Synoptic Gospels, is to be accepted, not as the verdict of revelation, but as the gradually acquired fruit of human reflection, which cannot claim to be more than this, merely by being attributed to "His Spirit guiding them in many places."

It is on this basis of principle that Canon Nairne conducts his argument in the present book, of which the first lecture or chapter discusses the "Galilean Gospel" in itself, meaning thereby the Gospel as narrated by St. Mark, and explained and interpreted, either constructively or explicitly, by St. Matthew and St. Luke. The second lecture then treats that Gospel as interpreted by St. Paul, and later by St. John. His purport in thus assigning a process of development is not very definitely conveyed to his readers, or apparently conceived by himself. He does, however, make it plain that he does not consider it all to be of equal value. Take the following passage in the final chapter as illustrating the unsatisfactory indefiniteness in which it leaves the reader:

The earliest Gospels record the earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth: facts of history. In the Christ of St. Paul, the Word of St. John we have an idea. From the resurrection onward the New Testament is the record of the distinguishing between and reconciling of this history and this idea. St. Paul, if we may interpret Galatians by Acts, began his new life with a vivid apprehension of the Lord Jesus as a person. There is no sign of his ever losing that vivid apprehension. Yet we do see the idea of the eternal Christ, the first-born of creation, the Christ that is to be, filling more and more of his thought. And though

it is improbable that the no longer knowing Christ after the flesh of II Cor. v. 16 means ignoring the earthly ministry of the Lord, it is plain that he very seldom writes about it. . . .

After stating that St. John begins with the idea and transforms it into history, the author lays down that we have here a twofold aspect of faith such that we are apt to regard them as alternative ways of believing between which we must make our choice. "The empty tomb, or the presence of Christ in the Spirit . . . which of these," he asks, "does one or another of us cherish as the fount of faith?" It does not seem to occur to him that, according to the Gospel narrative, we have recorded as facts, not merely the empty tomb, but the companion fact of our Lord's many apparitions in His risen form and the dialogues with which they were accompanied. We are sorry to discard as useless what is meant to be reverentially written. But it is impossible to look for anything profitable in such modes of reasoning.

2—THE REFORMATION IN ITALY¹

La Réforme en Italie is described on the title-page as Part I., but there is no introduction to explain the origin and purpose for which it is written, nor does it bear the appearance of a finished work. It rather gives the impression of comprising fragments of materials for the aid of one who might be proposing to write a short account of the extent to which the Lutheran Reformation showed signs at one time of taking root in Italy, as it so effectually did in some of the northern countries of Europe. First comes a section on the character of this Italian Reformation, then one on the causes which favoured its spread in those parts. These are followed by two more on how it spread, and who were its apostles. Next succeeds an "appendix" containing extracts from the Dialogues of Ochino, one of the most prominent of these apostles, and then a very useful treatise written by Cardinal Contarini, which examines and refutes very clearly the chief propositions advanced by Lutherans on behalf of their heresies. What else there is in this First Part is all biblio-

¹ *La Réforme en Italie*. Partie I^{ère}. Par E. Rodocanaché. Paris : Picard Pp. 465. Price, 10 fr. 1920.

graphical. What is to follow in the Second Part we are nowhere distinctly told. But what seems chiefly needed to complete this work is a fuller historical account of this movement *manqué*, and the stages of favour and ultimate decline through which it passed. And to judge from a single sentence at the end of the author's reference to Olimpia Morata, one of the clever women who became entangled in this Protestant movement in Italy, that is to be the matter of Part II. To sum up the question briefly, we may say that whilst those called the heralds of the movement in Italy are those indicated in this volume, the predisposing cause which lent encouragement to it was the paganism of the false renaissance then so active in the land, and the scandals given by some of the Popes who fell to some extent under its influence. On the other hand the movement which brought it so effectually to an end was the recovery of the Holy See from the time of Paul III. onwards, which, leading on to the Council of Trent, constituted what we have learnt to call the Counter-Reformation.

3—THE HARROW LIFE OF DR. MONTAGU BUTLER¹

THE Life of the late Dr. Henry Montagu Butler—who was Headmaster of Harrow from 1860 to 1885, and, after a short tenure of the Deanery of Gloucester, was Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, from 1886 till his death in 1918—has been undertaken by one of his former colleagues at Harrow, who was also one of his most intimate friends. As was to be expected, he has discharged this labour of love in a way which will give much satisfaction to all Dr. Butler's friends, who comprise the numerous and important friends and scions of the great school which he—and, we may add, his father, who in his time had also been one of its Headmasters—had done so much to elevate and sustain in its distinguished services for the life of the country.

Henry Montagu Butler was the fourth and youngest son of Dr. George Butler, and being born at Harrow in 1831, during his father's term of office, drank in, even with his

¹ *The Harrow Life of Henry Montagu Butler, D.D.* By Edward Graham, late Senior Assistant Master in Harrow School. With an introductory chapter by Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart., O.M. With eight illustrations. London: Longmans. Pp. xxv. 433. Price, 21s. net. 1920.

mother's milk, that love for the old school which throughout his life was such a passion with him, and so widespread in its influence that, if we may use the term in a scholastic sense, we may almost call him its apostle. Before his time the school had fallen off so much under the incompetent management of a former chief that his elder brothers were sent elsewhere to make their studies. But when Dr. Charles James Vaughan became Headmaster in 1845, a striking recovery took place, and it regained even more than its previous popularity; and it was during Dr. Vaughan's rule that Montagu began his school career, which was one of unbroken success in attaining school honours. He seemed, indeed, to gain all that he tried for, both at Harrow and subsequently at Cambridge, though throughout he aimed at the highest, whilst that in other respects his record was equally satisfactory may be gathered from the glowing terms in which Dr. Vaughan speaks of him to his father when the time came for him to leave school: "He has been for the last year, I may say, *everything* to me at Harrow. I do not know that I ever saw so happy a combination of ability and industry, firmness and courtesy, power of ruling and willingness to obey, as in him." And that was the impression of himself he had secured at that early stage of his career. As that career matured, many voices from all sides, of colleagues, and pupils, past and present, and multitudes of friends were contributing to testify how rich the maturity had proved to be, and what a pleasant thing to look back upon it had become.

After leaving school, Montagu Butler went on in due course to Cambridge, where he entered, as one of his elder brothers had already done, at Trinity. But it was to Harrow rather than to Cambridge that his heart always cleaved, and Mr. Graham, though carrying on his life till its close in this first volume, reserves its contents almost exclusively for Dr. Butler's associations with Harrow, leaving to stand over to another volume, which is shortly to follow, the kindred associations of his life at Trinity, which, though different from those of Harrow, could not in the case of a mind of such large and broad sympathies with the young, be limited, though in some respects they might have lost their freshness, when brought into such close contact with the youth at this focus of university life.

He finished his life at Cambridge in 1855, and four years later Dr. Vaughan resigned his Headmastership at Harrow.

The eyes of many were then turned towards Montagu Butler, though there was another candidate in the field on whom many were counting, and Butler was then only 26, an age very young for a charge of such responsibility. Still he had, besides the honours which had by then fallen to his lot, the reputation he had acquired whilst himself a Harrovian. Accordingly he was elected, to the satisfaction of all his friends, including the resigning Headmaster himself, and entered on his work at once. Naturally critical eyes were turned upon him by many, but the general verdict was that, though so young, he gained the general confidence at once with little apparent difficulty, and very soon his mastery of his subjects, together with his firm but tactful discipline, carried all before it. Of course he had his occasional troubles to surmount, and for some time the younger boys were unduly in awe of him. Still all were proud of him, and the elder boys, who saw more of him, and were chiefly admitted to his confidence, came to swear by him, as they felt the power of his influence as a teacher so well capable to open their minds and elevate their aspirations. With his staff, too, his relations were of the warmest kind. He had surrounded himself with men of the highest ability in a most generous spirit, for all through he wanted to do his very best for his pupils, and was especially anxious that they should have the very best teachers. It was to be expected that sometimes there should be friction between men of such calibre, but as the writer remarks, he never sat on the safety-valve during their sometimes animated discussions at Masters' meetings, and the result was that they formed a very happy family. But the best test of his wonderful success as a Headmaster was in the number of distinguished men he brought up and the enthusiastic testimonies with which these rendered to the debt they owed him. A long list of these is duly chronicled in the biography, as is likewise the long and striking list of endowments and institutions, prizes and scholarships, by which he succeeded during his time in enriching a public school which, when it came into his hands, was comparatively poor in this respect.

The biography has several chapters descriptive of Butler as a Headmaster, his principles and his methods. They paint him to the life with his foibles as well as his excellencies, and in so doing, set him before us as a leader by whom the boys of any school might be proud to have been led, one with the highest aims and thoroughly unselfish and generous in his

practice. One thing will strike readers as curious. Though Montagu Butler had a remarkable facility of expression, which displayed itself in many ways, in composition, in lectures, and sermons, he hardly left behind him anything but a few sermons to enrich the literature of his country. In fact, consummate schoolmaster as he was, he had a schoolmaster's weakness of knowing very little outside his professional subjects. And this was particularly noticeable in his knowledge of theology. His biographer describes him as inclined to take Broad Church views, and it is true that he ranged himself very decisively on the side of Jowett, Temple and Colenso, when they were, as he would have said, persecuted for their liberalist views. Yet he seemed never to have understood or taken interest in the biblical questions over which they took so decisively the ultra-liberalist side. In fact, he understood very little the extent to which such views were undermining the foundations of Christianity, and could be inconsistently intolerant himself in smaller ways when anyone urged theological views at variance with his own personal feelings, as sometimes happened. But his personal attitude towards religion, though with very little tendency to be dogmatic, was that of a pious Evangelical of half a century ago. In that respect he was a thoroughly good and earnest Christian towards whom one's heart goes out.

4—EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE¹

DEAN ARMITAGE ROBINSON has already given us a useful contribution to the literature on the *Didache* in his article in the *Journal of Theological Studies*, April, 1912. In the present work he elaborates, and to a certain extent supersedes, the argument of that article. Far too much has been made of the document in question. As a witness to early Church constitution it has been placed on a pedestal by writers of the liberal school, and substantially on it they have based their theory of the "charismatic" ministry, the theory according to which authority in the Church of Apostolic days was due, not to a definite commission given by or derived from our Lord, but to the possession of certain gifts

¹ *Barnabas, Hermas, and the Didache*. By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. vii. 120. Price, 6s. net.

of the Holy Ghost. This is one aspect of their attack on the doctrine that the Church was founded as an organized society.

What Dean Armitage Robinson has done has been to show that the "Didachist" borrows from the Pastor of Hermas and the so-called Epistle of Barnabas; that it is, moreover, at least highly probable that the section incorporating "The Two Ways" is taken from Barnabas, and not from a supposed Rabbinic document manufactured by writers of the "critical" school, and put forward by them as the source of both Barnabas and the Didache. This reduces the work to its right proportions. Its date cannot be earlier than the middle of the second century, and it may be much later. Consequently it is not a contemporary witness to the constitution of the Apostolic Church, but an imaginative account of how, in the opinion of the writer, the Apostles ought to have taught and acted.

The substance of Dean Armitage Robinson's work consists of an analysis of the three documents mentioned. It is careful, moderate and erudite. He has used Greek very sparingly, and that has made it all the harder to bring out the force of his arguments, but in spite of that he makes his points clearly and tellingly. His conclusion as to the date is not indeed new. It is the obvious one, and was that of the first editor of the Didache. But he has put it on a much more scientific basis, and has met the counter arguments convincingly. Those who are interested in the study of the foundations of the doctrine concerning the apostolic succession will find his work thorough and valuable.

5—THE REMAINS OF THE EUCHARIST¹

THE purpose which the writer has set before himself in this painstaking little monograph is to inquire into the origins of Reservation, considered chiefly from a liturgical point of view, and to set out the history of the Ablutions, a feature so closely associated with the observance of fitting reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. So far as concerns Mr. Lockton's historical treatment of the pre-Reformation aspects

¹ *The Treatment of the Remains of the Eucharist after Holy Communion and the Time of the Ablutions.* By W. Lockton. Cambridge University Press: Pp. viii. 280. Price, 20 shillings. 1920.

of his subject, we are glad to do justice to the care and accuracy with which in general his inquiry has been conducted. After a preliminary chapter on such early evidence as may be gleaned from the writings of Justin, Tertullian, Origen, etc., Mr. Lockton proceeds to discuss separately the usage of the East and of the West in disposing of the consecrated elements left over after the completion of the liturgy. It must be confessed that direct and reliable information of early date is extremely scanty, but our author is perhaps justified in arguing back from what we know to have been the practice in later times, and he thus is led to infer that "the more common usage was that any residue which was left, presumably of both kinds, should be carried into the sacristy, and in so far as it had not been intended for reservation should be consumed by the clergy or used for Communion the next day." All this, however, is very uncertain, and Mr. Lockton seems to us to overrate the influence exercised by the sacrificial law of the Old Testament, but still he sets the evidence fairly before us, and the reader is free to draw his own conclusions. Another section of the work is devoted to the "fermentum" and the observances connected with it. Here we are on firmer ground, and the *Ordines Romani* supply, at any rate, considerable matter for discussion. After this the rule of specially reserving one or more Hosts after the Mass on Maundy Thursday is dealt with in two further chapters; while Mr. Lockton's account of the mediæval period is brought to a close by a discussion, first of the development of ceremonial ablutions in general, and secondly of the practice of these ablutions as observed in Great Britain. Our author finds no definite reference to the washing of the priest's hands before the ninth century *Ordo* of St. Amand, and even then for a long time allusions, either to the washing of the celebrant's hands or the purification of the sacred vessels, are extremely scanty. Still we are not by any means satisfied that "it must have been the Roman custom for over a thousand years" to postpone the ablutions until after the dismissal of the congregation. Hardly any code of instructions was more widely diffused than the *Admonitio Synodalis* (see Morin in *Revue Bénédictine*, ix. 103), which Mr. Lockton refers to as Pseudo-Leo IV., but which is probably a document of at least the early ninth century. There we hear of a *piscina* near the altar "ubi sacerdos lavet manus post com-

munionem." This surely means after the priest's Communion, not after Mass is over.

So far we are pleased enough to travel harmoniously in Mr. Lockton's company with only an occasional difference of opinion. But in his five concluding chapters, dealing mainly with the Anglican and post-Reformation treatment of the remains of the Eucharist, the historian and the liturgist seem to us to be merged in the special pleader, eager to champion the admirable reticences of the Book of Common Prayer and to prove its strict conformity with primitive Catholicism. However, our space is limited, and we refrain from further comment on Mr. Lockton's "Communion Pax," "Worship of the Lamb," and other surprising discoveries. Turning to less contentious matter, we wish to say one word of protest, before concluding, upon the passage of Pseudo-Clement, which our author translates thus: "Let so many hosts be offered on the altar as ought to suffice for the people, but if any remain until the morrow, let them not be reserved, but be carefully consumed by the clerks with fear and trembling." Not only does this run counter to the uniform punctuation of the editors (*quod si remanserint, in crastina non reserventur*, see e.g., Migne *P.L.* lvi. 893; Friedberg *Corpus Juris Canonici*, etc.), but the reasons given for the change are unconvincing. If the writer of the letter had been thinking of Exodus or Leviticus he would have used the actual phrase, *usque mane*, not *in crastina* or *in crastinum*. Again, *diligentia clericorum consumantur* suggests promptitude rather than carefulness. Neither do we consider that there is any reason to believe that *sacrarium* here means sacristy. *Sacrarii panes* would in that case seem to us a most unlikely phrase.

6—RABBINICAL LITERATURE¹

DR. OESTERLEY and Dr. Box have already collaborated in the production of a useful work upon *The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue*, which they now supplement with a survey of the literature of the synagogue. The title which they have chosen for their new book seems

¹ *A Short Survey of the Literature of Rabbinical and Medieval Judaism.* By W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D., and G. H. Box, D.D. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xii. 334. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1920.

to imply that they do regard mediæval Judaism as something distinct from rabbinical Judaism, a point of view which would seem to call for some explanation, but we have looked for it in vain. On the other hand, the work is wisely called "a short survey," for the subject is immense, and one must be content with a sketch in outline. None the less, the volume will certainly prove of considerable service in opening out a field which many are nowadays seeking to explore, but without trustworthy guides. Much important information is presented in a clear and compact state, and the way is paved for further advance. The bibliographical selection should prove particularly welcome, though it might have been more useful still if more details had been supplied as to the books to be consulted. Some, we fancy, can hardly be procured at all, while others are rare; some indications as to probable price, etc., would have helped beginners and others to make a practical choice.

Naturally our authors do not care to depreciate the literature which they are describing; but we cannot but think that in consequence they give a false impression. The Talmuds contain much that can only be called drivel: *littera scripta manet*. And the same is true of much of the Midrashic literature; it was not until the tenth century that grammar and exegesis began to come by their own. It cannot but be regretted that the great scholastics did not turn to the rabbis, as St. Jerome did in his day, for instruction in accurate philology; in this regard, as in the matter of positive science, Roger Bacon proved to some extent a prophet in the wilderness, and the foundations of philosophy and theology to that extent were left inadequate. In the earlier rabbinical literature there is much that illustrates the New Testament; and we could wish that these learned authors would bring into a single volume the most relevant texts.

7—THE STUDY OF RELIGIONS¹

DURING the whole of the war, and for some time after the cessation of hostilities, this volume, already in print in Belgium, waited for publication. It fulfils a double purpose: first to bring the "Semaine" itself to the notice of

¹ *Semaine d'Ethnologie Religieuse. Compte-Rendu de la II^{me} Session (1913)*. Paris: Beauchesne. Price, 10 francs. 1914.

the public, and secondly, to open up a wider sphere of usefulness to the papers read at the last session. In connection with the former, it may be worth while to call attention to the purpose of the "Semaine" as given at the beginning of the report, especially as there is well-grounded hope that it will be revived in the near future:

La Semaine d'Ethnologie religieuse est fondée, avant tout, pour introduire à l'étude technique et objective des religions non chrétiennes.

Secondairement, et parce que cette utilité suit de la première, elle pourra aussi assumer toute tâche scientifique regardant l'organisation ou l'amélioration de l'étude des religions chez les catholiques.

Enfin, elle sera un moyen tout naturel pour les savants catholiques s'occupant de ces questions d'échanger leurs vues et de lier des relations.

The *Semaine* is not a congress, and its authors have from the beginning deprecated that title. The main body of its members are in the position of learners who meet to be taught by acknowledged experts. Hence the papers embodied in this report are a valuable compendium of knowledge connected with the study of religions. They are the work either of scholars who can speak with authority on their own aspects of the subject, or of missionaries of experience who can give first-hand information on the "religious fact" as it presents itself to-day amongst primitive peoples. At the last session the scheme was adopted, and it was intended to be permanent, of dividing the theoretical papers into two classes, "partie générale" and "partie spéciale." The subjects chosen for the latter in 1913 were Astral Mythology and Islam. The former included papers on method in the ethnological study of religions, study of languages, animism, totemism, morality, sorcery, and religious psychology. The papers are given in the report in the languages in which they were read, the majority in French, some in German, and a few in English. Particularly valuable are those of Father Schmit, S.V.D., and Father Hestermann, S.V.D., on the scientific and comparatively new method in ethnology, the study of "cycles culturels." Had it not been for the war we should certainly have heard much of this method in this country, unless indeed there had been a conspiracy of silence against it. It strikes a death-blow at the guess-work system of the evolutionary

school, and puts the whole subject on a sound foundation. The exposition given in this report is clear and convincing. In fact, the whole report will well repay study on the part of those who are interested in the study of religions from the Catholic standpoint.

8—RENAN¹

PÈRE PIERRE GUILLOUX has amplified and rounded off, in *L'Esprit de Renan*, a series of sketches of his subject which appeared in *Etudes* in 1918. He disclaims any intention of doing more than attempt to seize and present the inner character of this unhappy apostate, whose life so aptly illustrates the inspired saying of Wisdom, "Vain [*i.e.*, empty and ineffective] are all men who have not the knowledge of God." Renan, who wrote voluminously, taught nothing definite, for he had no fixed principles and, as Père Guilloux points out, he asserts and denies in turn nearly all the views in philosophy, politics and religion to be found in his writings. "It would not be difficult, with a little good will and dexterity, to extract from his writings a book of Christian Apologetics," and on the other hand, he shows himself, like Voltaire, to be one of the most determined and unscrupulous foes of Christianity. This bundle of contradictions did not make himself more intelligible by his autobiographical works, still it is possible, by a careful study of all that he has written, and of the evidence of his contemporaries, to trace the influences which changed the pious Breton lad into a shallow mocker of things sacred, a self-deluded enemy of Christian truth. Chief amongst these influences was the example and precepts of his sister Henriette, who sedulously showed him the way to false liberty, to "free-thinking," to be found by denying the possibility of reaching absolute truth. To do this she had to "Germanise" him, to introduce him to Luther, the enemy of faith, and to Kant, the enemy of reason, and the wretched woman, whom misfortune badly borne had deprived of faith, did not hesitate for long years to engage in a mortal combat with her pious mother for the vacillating soul of her young seminarist brother. The

¹ *L'Esprit de Renan*. Par Pierre Guilloux. Paris: J. de Gigord. Pp. 412. 1920.

tragedy is capably staged by Père Guilloux, who follows closely the revelations of the actors themselves, and the great lessons that stand clear from the story are the importance of the will in the act of faith and the necessity of exercising that virtue if it is to become at all active and strong. Père Guilloux points out that in 1845, the year in which Renan, apostate in heart for a long time preceding, left the seminary and the Church, Newman, a far loftier intellect, dowered moreover with incomparable sincerity and singleness of purpose, was putting the finishing touches to his great "Essay on Development," which in God's providence was the intellectual road leading him to the true Faith. "If Newman had only known German," sighed another agnostic, Mark Pattison. We may safely conjecture that admiration for German scholarship would not have blinded that great soul to the vanity of German infidel philosophy. Renan, deliberately cultivating doubt as a means of escape from dogma, soon found it necessary to attempt self-justification. His will was perverted, and the City set upon the Hill, the path that even fools can find, became invisible to his self-sufficiency.

This excellent study deserves careful reading, for, though Renan's influence has for many years been on the decline, "Renanisme,"—a sense of irresponsibility in regard to the truth, a misappreciation of the nature of faith, a subtle deep-seated pride of intellect, vices of human nature,—still flourishes, for example, in the Modernist heresy, and has always a certain attraction for those who do not care to become like little children, even as a condition for entering the Kingdom of God.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

L' *Histoire des Dogmes* has been crowned by the French Academy and is well known to all students of patrology. His present *Mélanges de Patrologie et d'histoire des dogmes* (Gabalda: 7.00 fr.), as he tells us himself, are a gathering of the fragments, made up of papers read and not hitherto published in book form. Coming from one whose solid knowledge of the subject is beyond question, such contributions are heartily welcome, and there is a certain interest and importance attaching to all of them. The subjects dealt with are St.

Ignatius of Antioch, the *Shepherd* of Hermas, the letter of the Church of Lyons and Vienne on the martyrs of 177 A.D., the Apology of Athenagoras, the *Pedagogue* of Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian as moralist, St. Cyprian (two papers), the concepts of *nature* and *person* in the Fathers and writers of the fifth and sixth centuries, the letter of Philotenus to Abu-Niphr, the doctrine of St. Gregory the Great touching Penance, and the Matal rite. This latter was chiefly to be found among the Armenians, who, besides their other judaising practices, showed themselves more Jewish than the Jews themselves, by sacrificing the Paschal lamb after the destruction of the Temple, in addition to the Eucharistic sacrifice.

BIBLICAL.

In his new volume, *Etudes de Critique et de Philologie du Nouveau Testament* (Gabalda: 10.00 fr.), Professor Jacquier brings his well-known history of the New Testament up to date. It will be found a valuable supplement by the many who have availed themselves of his previous work. The whole ground is covered once more, and new works and articles indicated, and general tendencies. We can hardly say that full justice has been done to Catholic exegesis; the late Dr. Gigot's Apocalypse, for example, is the only portion of the "Westminster Version" that finds a mention. The recapitulation and general survey at the end is a verdict on the general outlook; there are some good things in it, but we regret that the author has not laid more stress upon Aramaic. The modern *furor* for papyri often leads to the Semitic side of the New Testament being unduly depreciated.

CANON LAW.

A systematic digest of the New Codex and a handy guide to its intricacies is provided by the *Directoire Pratique pour le Clergé* (Téqui: 5.00 fr.), composed by Chanoine Laurent, of Verdun. The matter is revised in accordance with the most recent explanatory decisions of the Roman Congregations.

The voluminous *Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law*, issued by Dom Chas. Augustine, D.D., now runs, with the publication of Vol. IV. (Herder: 12s. net)—"on the Sacraments (except matrimony) and Sacramentals"—to five volumes, the fifth on matrimony having been published last year. These two volumes concerning the administration of the Sacraments are obviously of the greatest importance to the priest, and the clergy will find many questions suggested by the concise laws of the Code examined and decided by Dom Augustine who, having been for nine years Professor of Canon Law in Rome and now holding the same office in the United States, has exceptional opportunities of knowing how the new legislation affects long-standing customs.

Of great interest to students of Canon Law is *Domicile and Quasi-domicile: an Historical and Practical Study* (Gill and Son: 8s. 6d. net), by the Rev. Neil Farren, B.A., B.D., D.C.L. The author rightly deals first with the history of the question of domicile and quasi-domicile, a positive treatment which throws great light on questions of Canon Law as well as on many other questions. Hence we have chapters

treating of "Domicile in Roman Law," "Domicile in Canon Law before the Code," "The Rise and Development of the Quasi-domicile." These are on the whole well done, and prepare the way for the discussion of the law as now laid down in the Code. To this part belongs the thrashing out of practical questions dealing with the conditions required to acquire domicile or quasi-domicile by residence alone, questions, that is, which are not touched upon in the Code. Finally comes a discussion of the matter, in so far as it affects subjection to local law, the reception of the sacraments and funeral rites and burial. This discussion is well done, and indeed we find ourselves in agreement with the writer on nearly every practical point. The argument, however, on p. 84 does not seem to be valid. A domicile is not so much a residence of a particular kind as a legal quality acquired by such a residence. For this reason the major proposition of the argument seems to us to be beside the point.

APOLOGETIC.

Those who have recently followed the spiritual adventures of "Jock, Jack and the Corporal" in the columns of the *Universe*, but especially those who, through not seeing this or that instalment, were not able to follow them as they would have desired, will rejoice to have the whole presented to them in a handy volume of quite surprising length—**Jock, Jack and the Corporal** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d. net). In the course of his humorous dialogues, Father Martindale has managed, as shown in the Index, to include a vast deal of religious doctrine and apologetic, the reaction of which, seen in the varied mentalities of the soldier-types he creates or revives, surely forms one of the strangest and most interesting embodiments which the Divine Word has ever received. Priests and others engaged in the instruction of "rudiores," who despite lack of culture are often surprisingly shrewd, will find much to help them and their catechumens in these sparkling pages. And they will provide unfailing interest for the mere student of human nature.

DEVOTIONAL.

The series of discourses which Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons, has devoted to the special spiritual difficulties of womankind living ordinary lives have been published with the title **Les Soucis d'une Femme du Monde** (Téqui: 5.00 fr.), and form admirable devotional reading for those to whom they are addressed. Use of time, care of health, dress, household duties, children, servants, etc., etc., all come under the sympathetic and penetrating survey of a prelate whose previous exercises on the same theme approve him as a wise and experienced director.

Father Garesché, in **The Paths of Goodness** (Benziger: \$1.50), continues to provide that helpful and stimulating guidance to right principles and action in the varying circumstances of life that we have learnt to expect from his many devotional works.

A series of vivid pictures, terrifying or alluring, is presented by **Le Chrétien en Retraite** (Téqui: 7.50 fr.), sermons on the four last things, and other Christian dogmas, preached by Rev. Father A. de Barbezieux, O.M., in Canada. They show keen insight in the causes of modern disorders, and provide for them efficacious remedies.

M. l'Abbé J. Millot, Vicar-General of Versailles, is a voluminous writer of spiritual books, the latest of which, **Retraite sur le Grands Moyens de Salut** (Téqui: 5.00 fr.), treats in great detail the practices of prayer, confession, and devotion to Mary. An abundance of *contes pieux* is provided to illustrate the doctrines taught.

For the better instruction of those recently received into the Church, and the awakening of those who through too much contact with the world have grown dull to the beauties of the Faith, the Rev. George T. Schmidt has written **The Principal Catholic Practices** (Benziger: \$1.50), a series of short explanations of the Sacraments and other means of grace, well-calculated to show the reasonableness of faith and to increase devotion.

Professor A. H. McNeile, of Sidney Sussex College, has enlarged in a second edition the little book **Self-Training in Meditation** (Heffer: 2s.), wherein he points out that the process of mental prayer is more simple than is generally supposed, and indicates various ways in which it may be practised.

To give a Retreat altogether on the verses of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" is a spiritual *tour de force*, and this is what Father Alexander, O.F.M., has accomplished in his large volume **A Spiritual Retreat** (B.O. and W.: 10s. net), wherein he has collected the wisdom and piety of many years' devotional experience. The exposition of the twenty-five invocations of the hymn takes the form of meditative essays rather than that of meditation proper, and so the book is eminently suited for spiritual reading. As the Holy Spirit is the Sanctifier of our souls, the work ascribed to Him in the famous sequence can readily be made to cover the whole range of spiritual endeavour, and Father Alexander's wide reading and knowledge of Sacred Scripture give it great interest and unction.

DOCTRINAL.

A book on Eschatology of established excellence, that of Mgr. Élie Méric about **L'Autre Vie** (Téqui: 2 vols., 10.00 fr.), has reached its fourteenth edition since it was first published twenty years ago. The treatise is in three books, containing respectively the proofs of immortality drawn from reason, human speculations as to the separated soul, and what revelation teaches about human destiny. A number of cognate subjects are treated incidentally, such as the problem of other inhabited worlds, spiritualism, the number of the elect, etc., but the author has apparently made no attempt to reckon with current theories and speculations.

HOMILETIC.

The fruits of an active career in the pulpit appear in two stately volumes of **Sermons for all the Sundays and Chief Feasts of the Year** (Herder: 30s. net), composed by the Bishop of Sebastopolis, and issued with an Introduction by the Archbishop of St. Louis. The Catholic public are well acquainted with Bishop Vaughan's many other works which are of outstanding apologetic value. These sermons admirably illustrate the characteristic qualities of the author, his force, lucidity, knowledge of human affairs and spiritual insight.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

We are familiar with the self-sacrifice shown by many of our priest-chaplains, secular and religious, during the war, and it is not too much to say that we were more edified than surprised, for self-sacrifice is an essential part of the priestly vocation. And we are not surprised either that in other armies, both friendly and hostile, Catholic Religious should have shown conspicuous devotion in their appointed tasks. The record of such a hero is preserved in **René Bériot (Frère Eleuthère)** (Téqui: 3.50 fr.), a biography of a holy Capuchin Brother, written by Père Paulin, and detailing the incidents of a short but very glorious career. Born in 1894, he had just finished his noviciate at Limbourg, in Holland, when the war broke out and the young Capuchin found himself enrolled as a stretcher-bearer in the French army. Two years later, when the need for men was extreme, he became a combatant, and met his death on the field of honour two months before the war was over. His bravery, sustained by his faith, was remarkable even in an army of brave men, and his heroic life, no less than his death, has had its share in creating the new, no longer anti-clerical, France.

Father Dominic Devas, O.F.M., who has written a very bright and interesting life of **St. Leonard of Port Maurice** (B.O. and W.: 5s. net), need not have been so apologetic in referring to his purpose of presenting the whole man, however strange some of his ideals might be in modern eyes. For the strangeness in the case of this saintly follower of St. Francis consisted in his retiring from time to time to a "Solitude" to refresh his spirit after missionary work by uninterrupted converse with God. Mr. M. Carmichael, in his "Solitaries of the Sambuca," has shown how eminently rational such a strange proceeding is, for those especially with whom the world is apt to be too much. In all other matters as well, St. Leonard was a very rational saint, and this short life gives a pleasing picture of him.

In the **Life of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, O.S.A.** (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d. net), by Rev. F. A. Foran, O.S.A., we are taken back to the latter half of the thirteenth century, an age which has never been surpassed in the records of human endeavour and achievement. Prolific in saints, it produced no more attractive figure than St. Nicholas, who evangelized the Marches of Ancona, but was especially remarkable for devotion to the Holy Souls. Father Foran gives an interesting account of his career and a selection of the wonderful miracles for which he was famous. A useful Appendix contains the formulæ of various devotions connected with the Saint.

We are glad to welcome the substantive work on St. Paul with which the late Father Philip Coghlan, C.P., strove to remove the reproach that hitherto no biography of the Apostle written in English by a Catholic had appeared. His **St. Paul: his Life, Work and Spirit** (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d. net), has effectively removed that reproach, for here we have an exhaustive treatment of that most important theme, in which the career of the Saint, the effects of his conversion and his singularly attractive character are dealt with by one who has made a profound study of the New Testament, and also read very widely in the endless literature of the subject. It is all the more astonishing, if we may add a word of complaint, that the learned author does not seem

to have consulted the "Westminster Version" of St. Paul's Epistles, most of which had seen the light before his own commentary was written.

The recent death of the ex-Empress Eugenie, so long a familiar figure amongst us, gives actuality to **Louis-Napoleon et Mlle. de Montijo** (Lethielleux: 4.00 fr.), by M. J. de Saint-Amand, a noted historian of Napoleonic times, who first issued the book a quarter of a century ago. The volume narrates the life-history of both its subjects until the auspicious day of their marriage in 1853.

The glorious career of Hildebrand, the Pope, who under the title of Gregory VII., vindicated the independence of the Holy See from secular domination, is part of the history of Europe. But the inner life, the spirit of the great ecclesiastic who drew his strength and influence from union with God, is not sketched in ordinary histories. Hence the welcome inclusion of **Saint Gregoire VII.** (Gabalda: 3.50 fr.) in the series "Les Saints," wherein M. Augustin Fliche shows how the essential holiness of the man was preserved and increased during the conflicts of his strenuous life: a proof if one were needed that devotion to God in no way unfits one for a beneficent earthly career.

A very singular human document is the jail-journal of a certain Albert, a French anarchist and atheist, who was committed to a Belgian prison for theft in 1910, and died there six years later a convinced and fervent Christian. His diary, edited by Père Salsmans, S.J., with an Introduction by Cardinal Mercier, has been published under the title **De la Mort à la Vie** ("Veritas," Antwerp) in a cheap form for a wide distribution. It was his natural uprightness, aided by his prison reading and the prison services, and above all stimulated by God's grace that awakened his soul to the truth. The diary details the gradual change of spirit and view, and its record should do much good amongst those who have followed or may follow the straying footsteps of Albert, the anarchist from Paris.

The eastern watering-places so familiar to Londoners, Margate and Ramsgate, are situated on what once was an island and is still called the Isle of Thanet. In its insular days it was the scene of the **Story of St. Mildred** (B.O. and W.: 5s. net), which Minnie Sawyer has retold with great attention to historical fact, yet without neglecting unauthenticated legend which itself is a kind of fact. St. Mildred had many amiable characteristics, and these are skilfully developed by her biographer.

The noble young French lady, **Victoire de Saint-Luc** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net), who was martyred under the Terror and whose biography has been written by Mother St. Patrick, was not merely a martyr, but had attained sanctity long before the guillotine had done its work. Her life recalls the fact that Retreats for the laity, which we are wont to think of as a modern invention, were in full vogue in France before the Revolution. To that work, in the Institute founded for the purpose in 1674, Victoire dedicated her short life, after a youth passed in the practice of heroic virtue. The "crime" for which she was executed in 1794, at the age of thirty-three, after twelve years in religion, was that of making and distributing badges of the Sacred Heart. The details of her life, especially of its closing scenes, are full of edification,

and throw a fresh light upon the character of the Terror. A short Appendix gives an account of the history of Victoire's congregation during the past century.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Dr. Mich. Wittmann, author of *Die Ethik des Aristoteles* (Regensburg), gives us a full and valuable account of the Nicomachean Ethics, pointing out that the different treatises on happiness, virtue and pleasure have a real interior connection with each other, though they do not form one book in the modern sense. He traces, moreover, the connection between Aristotle and his predecessors, Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, etc. He has a wide acquaintance with the relative literature, even that written by English authors. The interest which Catholics take in "The Philosopher" is, of course, enhanced by the fact that he was "baptized" by St. Thomas, and so forms the foundation of Scholasticism.

HISTORICAL.

We can but briefly notice a number of the excellent Helps for Students of History issued by the S.P.C.K. In *The Historical Criticism of Documents* (1s. 3d. net) Mr. R. L. Marshall discusses in clear and interesting fashion the materials of history, the aims and methods of criticism, external and internal, the whole equipment of the genuine historian. Mr. R. H. Murray, in *A Short Guide to some MSS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin* (1s. 9d. net), reveals the unique treasures of that collection. The late Dr. Cunningham traces the historical value of *Monuments of English Municipal Life* (1s. net). A fascinating subject is dealt with by Mr. G. F. Hill in *Coins and Medals* (1s. 6d. net). Professor A. G. Little, who is Chairman of the British Society of Franciscan Studies, deals sympathetically and with adequate knowledge of his subject in *A Guide to Franciscan Studies* (1s. 6d. net). A purely historical essay is that entitled *The Knights of Malta, 1523—1798* (2s. net), by Mr. R. Cohen. *The Latin Orient* (1s. 6d. net), by Mr. W. Miller, gives an interesting account of the various little kingdoms and principalities which, dating from the Crusades, were established from time to time in Greece, the Islands, and Palestine. Three pamphlets bound in one, and called *Ireland, 1494—1829* (3s. 6d.), by Dr. R. H. Murray, collect together a vast amount of bibliographical information relating to the history, general and special, of that island. Naturally his selection of authorities is determined by his estimate of their worth, and Catholic will differ from non-Catholic in such an estimate, but so far as we have tested it we can discover no discrimination against Catholics in the lists of historical works.

FICTION.

In *The Greenway* (Sands and Co.: 7s.), Miss Leslie Moore interests the reader from the very first, not by intricacy of plot, which is of the simplest, but by skilful delineation of character, by a keen sense of the beautiful in Nature and by a certain playful humour which is always neat and well-turned. A very wholesome and inspiring little story.

Our readers are already familiar with some of the stories which appear in **On the Fringe of the Eternal** (B.O. and W.: 6s. net), by the Rev. Francis Gonne, stories which combine sympathetic observation of the supernatural side of Irish life and character, with the wild west coast for its setting, and a nice appreciation of the eerie and weird and inexplicable, which exist to confound the materialist in that borderland between sense and spirit named the occult. The stories are just the thing for the season, and are well worth their more permanent setting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is a difficult task, requiring more knowledge than is generally possessed by mortals, to trace in detail the intervention of Providence in contemporary human affairs. No Christian doubts the minute care of God for His creatures, collectively and individually, but no science can reduce the Divine liberty to definite laws, if only because God's ways are not our ways, and we are in ignorance of His purposes. However, such books as M. Gabriel Joly's **En Marge des Combats: N.D. de Lourdes et la Grande Guerre** (Téqui: 3.50 fr.), which sees in the coincidence of various feasts of Our Lady with certain great French victories an evidence of her maternal solicitude for France, deal at any rate with what is possible although not scientifically proved, and so make for edification. We confess, however, that pious belief seems to be somewhat strained by the author's suggestion that the retention of "horizon-blue" for the colour of the French uniform, in spite of its high visibility and tendency to fade, is also ascribable to Our Lady's influence.

St. Joan of Arc, to whom the first English Church has recently been dedicated, will be constantly for all time to come on the lips, as she is in the heart, of France. With a view of providing speakers with the facts and lessons of her life and the aspects of her character, Père Roupain, S.J., in his **Carnet de Jeanne d'Arc** (Téqui: 2.50 fr.), has grouped them chronologically, quoting under each item from recognized authorities, and thus giving easy access to the latest and most authentic information. A fairly full bibliography adds to the value of the book.

The ordinary English reader knows nothing of the old songs of Spain except what he has learnt from Lockhart's translations. The **Spanish Ballads** (Cambridge University Press: 10s. 6d. net), chosen and edited by Mr. Guy le Strange, are not translations but an admirably printed and carefully annotated collection of original texts. Both the historian and the student of Spanish verse will be glad to meet with this volume, which, as the editor testifies, owes much to the erudition of Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly. The primitive ballads, none of which, however, go back beyond the fifteenth century, are apparently fragments of still older literature, the work of the early "juglares" or "jongleurs," which survived and was imitated by later poets.

What we miss in this Spanish collection—viz., any ballads dealing with religious subjects—is abundantly supplied in **Giullari di Dio** (Società Editrice "Vita e Pensiero": 5.00 l.), a series of poems chosen from St. Francis, Fra Jacopone, and other singers of the early Franciscan epoch which so nearly re-captured the atmosphere of Paradise. The collection opens with St. Francis's "Benedicite," the famous "Cantico

delle Creature," and then proceeds to the more voluminous poets. The title, taken from St. Francis's own words in the *Speculum Perfectionis*—"Nos sumus joculariores Domini"—aptly expresses the joyous God-intoxicated spirit of these holy lyricists, to whose faith-illuminated eyes the things of earth wore such divine aspects.

Christianity was both a continuation of the religion of the Old Testament, fulfilling all the types and prophecies, and, also, especially in the overthrow of the Synagogue and the establishment of the Church, a break with it. How far the beliefs and practices of Judaism could be incorporated into the new institution was settled by those whom Christ appointed as its founders, notably by St. Paul. It is not open to Christians to question the authority of the Apostles, the reality of their inspiration, or the infallibility of their teaching, but it remains with the Church, which has succeeded to that authority and infallibility, to determine what the exact interpretation of their infallible teaching is. Mr. C. T. Wood, of Queen's College, Cambridge, who writes **Death and Beyond: a Study of Hebrew and Christian Conceptions of the Life to Come** (Longmans: 4s. 6d. net), would not accept the above statement of the Catholic position. He rejects the idea of a teaching Church and breaks altogether from traditional eschatological doctrine. He endeavours to free our Lord's teaching and that of St. Paul from the accidents of their Jewish mentality, and in the process, to put it crudely, has emptied out the baby with the bath. So completely has he mistaken the Catholic dogma of eternal reprobation that he can speak of it as "obviously, wickedly false," an "actively un-Christian conception." His book, nevertheless, is worth the attention of Catholic students as typical of the modern non-Catholic mind of which their apologetic, to be fruitful, must take careful account.

Mr. Wood in his book "assumes" the immortality of the Just, and the Resurrection, if not physical, at least spiritual, of Christ. Another Cambridge man, Rev. J. K. Mozley, in his **Historical Christianity and the Apostles' Creed** (Longmans: 5s. 6d. net), is much more orthodox and believes in the Virginal Birth and the Bodily Resurrection of Christ. His book is usefully directed against that form of modernism which would reduce Christianity to a system of theistic ethics warranted by experience, and would get rid of historical difficulties by waiving the question of history altogether. Mr. Mozley rightly insists upon the wholeness of Christianity, which requires the use of both intellect and will, faith and works. His point is that the Apostles' Creed needs not so much re-statement as explanation, which is precisely the work to which the Catholic Church, the source of the Creed, has devoted herself from the first.

Although every reader doubtless could suggest additions to, and perhaps excisions from, the list of celebrities to be found in **The Catholic's Who's Who** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d. net), it continues to form a most useful *aperçu* of the status and activities of Catholics in this country. And alas! of inactivities as well. For instance, in the case of many celebrities, we look in vain for indications that they are actively engaged, through membership of one or other of our propaganda societies, in trafficking with their talent of faith. We trust that the compilers of these "potted biographies" will one day have occasion to make prominent in regard to such Catholics "what

they did and are doing in the great war" against error and evil in which the Church militant is ever engaged.

The survivor of the well-known Irish literary collaborators, the Misses Ross and Somerville, has collected into a handsome volume, **Stray-aways** (Longmans: 16s. net), some score of sketches and stories produced by one or other of the pair, or by both, and not hitherto published in book form. The collection represents very various dates,—a long travel-narrative "In the State of Denmark" is twenty-five years old, and the student-experiences called "Quartier Latinities" go yet further back,—and is not wholly concerned with Ireland. What is racy of that particular soil recalls in many cases a bygone state of society. Pre-war Ireland and its "politics" have gone for ever. The authors bring to their work that keen observation and that mastery of allusive humour which marks all that they have written. All the same, intimate as is their knowledge of various phases of Irish life and mordantly though they criticize its weaknesses, they are aliens to Ireland's faith which is her real soul, and therefore shut out to a large extent from the understanding of her character. The apology for Spiritualism with which Miss Somerville ends the book is additional proof of that.

Those desirous of knowing something about the continent we call Russia, which was never in any real sense one nation although long governed by a single source of authority, may find a succinct account of its pre-war development in **A Short History of Russia** (S.P.C.K.: 6s. 6d. net), translated from a school-book of Professor A. R. Ephimenko, by Herbert Moore, M.A. It naturally gives the Russian point of view, political and religious, and is quite undocumented, but the translator supplies a variety of supplementary notes, not all indeed of equal value, as, for instance, when he says, apropos of the First Partition of Poland, that the persecution of the Orthodox there was "especially through the influence of Jesuits who swarmed into Poland." Jesuits were never numerous enough to "swarm" anywhere, and about this time had actually ceased to exist.

Mrs. William O'Brien has written a series of gossip sketches called **In Mallow** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d. net), describing her home there and its surroundings. In strong contrast to the rest is the last chapter—three short pages devoted to the "sack" of Mallow by forces of the Crown on September 28th, and appropriately called "A Night of Terror."

The thirty discourses published under the title **Sermons by a Lay Headmaster** (Longmans: 6s. net) are rather of the character of short moral essays. They were delivered by the late G. W. S. Howson, of Gresham's School, during his term of office, 1900—1918, and they set a high ethical standard based upon Our Lord's example before their audience.

The well-known Scottish historian, William Law Mathieson, has in **England in Transition, 1789-1832: a Study of Movements** (Longmans: 15. n.), chosen a period which certainly marks considerable development in social, economic and religious life in this country; a period which includes the abolition of the slave-trade, the spread of humanitarianism, Catholic Emancipation, the gradual emergence of the worker from the grosser forms of industrial slavery, and the political evolution which was crowned by the first Reform Act. Mr. Mathieson's survey of the whole field is

calm and judicious, although slightly tinged with a rationalistic and anti-clerical cast, and it deserves reading and re-reading if men are to judge aright of the problems of to-day, for they had their roots in the principles and inhuman practices of that time, and these roots are not yet dead.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XVIII. No. 22.
- AVE MARIA PRESS, Indiana.
An Awakening and What Followed. By Rev. J. K. Stone, S.T.D. Pp. 322. Price, \$1.50.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.
The Catholic Who's Who. Pp. 501. Price, 5s. net. *St. Mildred of Thanet*. By Minnie Sawyer. 2nd. edition. Pp. xviii. 174. Price, 5s. net. *Fock, Jack and the Corporal*. By C. C. Martindale. Pp. vii. 221. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The Fringe of the Eternal*. By Francis Gonne. Pp. viii. 185. Price, 6s. net. *A Spiritual Retreat*. By Father Alexander, O.F.M. Pp. xiii. 218. Price, 10s. net. *A Scottish Knight Errant*. By F. A. Forbes and M. Cahill. Pp. vii. 143. Price, 5s. net. *Our Lord's Last Discourses*. By Abbé Nouvelle. Pp. xiv. 178. Price, 6s. net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin.
The Torch: C.T.S. Annual Record. Pp. iv. 104. Price, 2s. 6d.
- DE GIGORD, Paris.
L'Esprit de Renan. By Pierre Guil-
 loux. Pp. 410.
- EDITORIAL POLIGLOTA, Barcelona.
Pedro de Luna. By D. Sebastian Puig y Puig. Pp. 630.
- ELEXPURU HERMANOS, Bilbao.
De Deo Creante. Pp. xx. 774. *De Gratia Christi*. Pp. xxiv. 896. Both by F. B. Beraza, S.J.
- FAITH PRESS, London.
Character Training in the Wolf-cub Puch. By Vera Barclay. Pp. 95.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.
The Psalms. By the Rev. P. Boylan, M.A. Vol. I. Psalms i.—lxxi. Pp. lxiv. 300. Price, 17s. 6d. n.
- HEFFER, Cambridge.
He led Captivity Captive. By A. H. McNeile. Pp. vii. 116. Price, 3s. net.
- KEGAN PAUL & Co., London.
Psychology and Mystical Experience. By J. Howley, M.A. Pp. 275. Price, 10s. 6d. net.
- LONGMANS, London.
The Divine Soliloquies of Gerlac Petersen. From the Latin. Pp. xviii. 106. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Victoire de Saint-Luc*. By Mother St. Patrick. Pp. viii. 120. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *Ireland in the Euro-
 pean System*. By James Hogan. Vol. I. 1500—1557. Pp. xxx. 237. *The Ship "Tyre"*. By W. H. Schoff. Pp. 156. Price, 9s. net.
- SANDS & Co., London.
A Joyful Herald, and Other Stories. By Rev. F. M. Dreves. Pp. 128. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- S.P.C.K., London.
Helps for Students of History. Nos. 26, 28. *The Pilgrim in Jerusa-
 lem*. By Rev. O. H. Parry. Illustrated. Pp. xxiv. 135. Price, 10s. net. *Report of the First
 Anglo-Catholic Congress*. Pp. 207. Price, 8s. 6d. net. *Ireland 1494—
 1829*. By R. H. Murray. Pp. 128. Price, 3s. 6d. *The
 Knights of Malta*. By R. Cohen. Pp. 64. Price, 2s. net. *The
 Body is One*. By Rev. C. B. Moss. Pp. x. 154. Price, 5s.
- T'USEWEI PRESS, Shanghai.
Researches into Chinese Superstitions. By H. Doré, S.J. Part V. Pp. xxiv. 270.
- UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.
*Cambridge Readings in Spanish
 Literature*. Edited by J. Fitz-
 maurice - Kelly. Pp. x. 325. Price, 10s. net.

